

BIBLIOTHÈQUE
DES SCIENCES
HUMAINES ET SOCIALES



UNIVERSITÉ DE MONTRÉAL
BIBLIOTHÈQUE

Presentation
copy

450

Mrs. W. H. Johnson
From W. H. J.

813.49

B873A

24 JAN. 1963

The RESERVATION

*A Romance of the Pioneer Days of Minnesota and
of the Indian Massacre of 1862.*

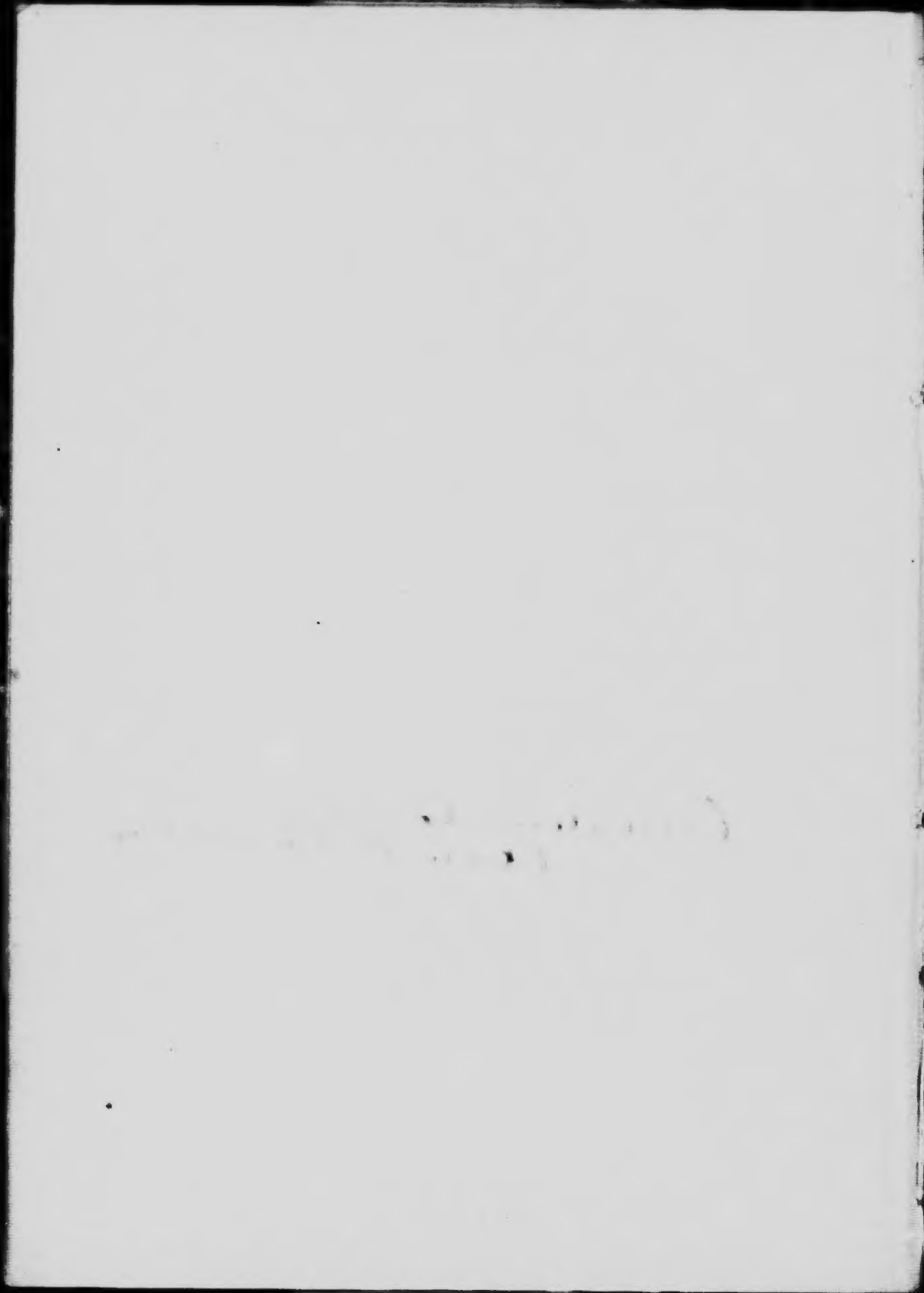
ASA P. BROOKS

*Compliments of Brooks
Asa P. Brooks*

Copyrighted. All rights reserved.

1907





NOTE.

While this story is largely fiction, it deals with historical facts in connection with the pioneer life of early settlers, and the Indian Massacre in Minnesota, that hitherto have found a place but briefly in works of history. It is a lamentable fact that histories which give to the earlier struggles with the Indians, extended notice, scarcely mention the greatest massacre in the history of the Western Continent. The names and characters in this story, with a few exceptions, have no place in real life and are used simply to bring out the romance and tragedy of pioneer life, as simply and truthfully as it was lived, and, if possible, preserve something of the history of a time that tried both men and women. The work is faulty, being the product of idle moments, but is given to the public that some acknowledgement might be made of the noble character of those who opened the gates to the great empire of the west.

THE AUTHOR.



THE RESERVATION.

CHAPTER I.

Not far from Oberamergau, in the Bavarian Alps for many years there dwelt, side by side, the families of William Schmidt and John Zittel. They were loyal Germans and sturdy yeomen, eking out a scant livelihood by the pursuit of agriculture, saving all they could, hoping that in the near future they would be able to emigrate to that Mecca of all the oppressed, America.

The passing years brought to the Schmidt family a daughter whom the fond parents christened Katherine, and to the Zittels, some two years before the birth of Katherine, a son was born who was called Heinrich. It was some years later than this before the families had saved sufficient money to pay the expenses of emigrating to America.

The day finally came when the waiting was at an end, and the time for departure at hand. Packing all they could carry in bundles, the men swung them over their shoulders, and, leaving the care of the children to the women, started on foot for the nearest point of transportation.

"I've been thinking, William," said John, "that maybe after all we are making a mistake, and we will soon wish ourselves back in the Fatherland."

"Not I," said William. "Haven't I a letter from Fritz Beinhorn, only last week: and doesn't he tell us how they have everything they want—a little home and garden—with plenty of work to do and good pay?"

"Yes, I know" said John, "but didn't you read how the Indians came down across the plains and murdered a whole army and burned towns, not even sparing the women and children?"

"That was far west; many hundred miles farther than we will go," replied the other. "The Indians have all left the place where we are going. I'll tell you John, boy, it does my heart good to think of the little home I am going to have, and how happy I am going to be with my wife and children to cheer me when I return from a hard day's work. Oh I am going to work hard; and they tell how you can make money buying and selling."

"I'm not so sure of that. I can't see how it can be that there is so much land and nobody to own it, when there's so much here and it is all owned. It looks as if there was something wrong. We were happy here, my wife and I and you and the rest, and then there are our old parents and those of our wives. When we get over the ocean, do you think we will ever see them again? I'm afraid not."

"Why, just think there is Franz Mueller—remember him? Little fellow, ten or twelve years of age, went to America; the other day he came back looking like a prince; and when he returns he is going to take his parents with him."

"But you forget, William, that we will have to

learn English, and I am sure I can never do that. It is easy for children, but we, who have known nothing but German, how are we ever going to learn 'it?'

"Don't worry about that; we can do what any of the rest have done; and with our good wives and children we will be kings. It will be a proud day for me when I can see my wife dressed as some of the women were who came from Berlin to the mountains, last year. No more wooden shoes and only two dresses, one for Sunday and one to work in. What do I care if we never learn to talk English, if only we are happy."

"Right you are, William, and fortunate I am to have you with me, but here we are almost at the station. Let us stop at the spring yonder, and eat our meal."

So, halting until the women arrived, the party left the road to find a spot in the shade of a neighboring grove where they might eat and rest: after which they continued their journey to the city.

CHAPTER II.

On the Kentucky side of the Ohio river, a few miles from the city of Cincinnati, there is a large settlement of Germans. Early in the century, while most of the country was still a wilderness, and the Indians roamed at will, a German by the name of Carl von Baasen, more venturesome than the others, had visited the spot, and, being attracted by its wonderful natural advantages, had located on a part of it, and subsequently piloted his friends and their families to the place.

In enjoyment here, they had lived for years until marauding bands of Indians fell on the settlement in the night time and killed a number of them, burning their houses and driving away their stock. Those who escaped, returned only to satisfy themselves that none were left there alive, and then they departed for the east.

Von Baasen was among the number who escaped. He lived to return in later years, with others, to found a new colony on the ruins of the old, but time had worked many changes and, with the driving off of the Indians, the country was rapidly settled by the whites. The knowledge of the German settlement was carried to the east and all immigrants from that nation, having no fixed destination, gravitated toward it, for here they found their own language spoken and all the good of the mother country carried out to

its completeness, while none of the oppression was to be found.

For years old von Baasen, as he came to be known, was the arbiter of all difficulties, and socialism in its true aspect prevailed. There was no money for the transaction of business among them and no one had more than his neighbor. In the enjoyment of all this, the little settlement grew until the old man died. After that, there seemed to be no one who could take his place. Other nationalities crowded in on the Germans and forced new ideas on them, until dissensions and petty jealousies were engendered, and differences arose among them to such an extent that individualism prevailed, and little by little the old customs were crowded out. Money took the place of the orders that were given, and, in its accumulation and the privileges that its possession secured, the spirit of fraternity was crushed, class distinctions arose, and a new era began.

It was about this time that John Zittel and William Schmidt were seated in the waiting-room of the Emmigrants' hotel in New York. The journey across the ocean had been without incident, except that Mrs. Zittel had become violently ill and had only begun to recover when they were a few days out from New York.

They had decided that it would be best for them to remain at the hotel for a few days, at least until they should find someone whom they could trust to direct them to a suitable place to locate. They were afraid of the big city and the strange hurry that seemed to possess everybody they met. They could

only stand in the window and stare at the people who constantly passed and repassed, and they wondered if there would be a place among so many for them. They could not understand anything that was said, and the people stared at them in a curious way that made them feel out of place and wish that they had never attempted to find a new home.

At last, as they were growing weary with the waiting, the dinner bell rang. That was a language they could understand, and, though they felt little like eating, they were glad of the change.

At the table where they were seated, the only other person was a man whose strange dress at once attracted their attention. It was different from anything they had ever seen before. The coarsest material had been used in making his ill-fitting clothes; his hair hung down over his shoulders; and for shoes, he wore moccasins. The latter afforded much interest to the Germans who were wearing the wooden shoes that had for generations been the prevailing style among their people.

Noticing that he addressed the waiter in English they at once commenced to express their opinions of him to each other in German, for they believed that they were alone so far as the German language was concerned.

"Do you think that he is an Indian?" inquired John in a low tone, as if the mere thought was sufficient to make them all shiver.

"I don't know. I've been looking him over, and I can't tell; but if he is an Indian, I have failed to see his tomahawk," said William.

"Do you suppose they are all like him, for I really believe he is an Indian? He is just like those we read about that killed so many people. I don't like the way he is looking at us."

John was beginning to get seriously alarmed and he cautioned the women that if the man made any motions that had the appearance of an attack, they should be ready to run and not to forget to take the children with them; then he said, addressing William:

"There is no use talking, William, I'm afraid of the fellow, and I want you to watch him while I eat and when you are eating, I will take my turn at watching, and in this way it will not be so easy for him to surprise us, for you know we have been told that the Indians are the most treacherous people living."

Soon the man finished his meal and, turning to the waiter said in excellent German: "*Was ist meine Rechnung?*"

The Germans dropped their knives and stared in open-mouthed wonder at the fellow. They were so surprised that for a moment they were speechless. The man was greatly amused at the confusion of the strangers, and hastened to assure them that he took no offense at the remarks he had overheard.

"You would hardly believe that a few years ago I was living in old Ulm," he said. "Ha! ha! I guess I do look like an Indian and I don't blame you for being alarmed."

"You must pardon our ignorance," said William. "We have just arrived in this country, and so many things are strange to us that we make mistakes very easily."

"You are easily excused, I am sure. I guessed that you had just arrived, and by the same boat that should have brought my parents. They were to meet me here. Do you know if there was on the boat an aged couple by the name of Schilling?"

"Indeed we do, and right glad they will be to see you, for they are worried and are afraid they will get lost. They would not venture away from the custom house, not even with us. We left them there this morning, and they must be hungry and tired by this time."

He immediately went in search of his parents, promising to return as soon as he could. During his absence they had time to recover somewhat from the astonishment of being so happily deceived, and were thoroughly themselves when the man arrived with his parents.

They talked the situation over and it was decided that the entire party should travel together to the to the German settlement on the Ohio River where both of the new men soon found friends and plenty of work to do.

Here they prospered beyond their highest expectations, and for a time they were happy and contented, but the American spirit of restlessness and adventure gradually took possession of William Schmidt and he and his family decided to depart for the far west.

After being buffeted by the waves of adversity and meeting with much disappointment, they finally arrived at the city of Chicago, which at that time was little more than a frontier village.

There were, however, a number of Germans, who were organized into a society, which he was asked to join. He found this society a great help, for they were studying the English language and otherwise getting acquainted with the customs of the new country so that in a very short time they were fairly well posted, and many of them quite proficient in the use of the new language.

Having acquired some knowledge in the milling business and the opportunity being open to start in that line in the city, Mr. Schmidt invested all the money he had and borrowed more in order to begin the milling-business on a large scale. He was successful from the start, and soon was reckoned among the prominent business men of the city.

CHAPTER III.

The winter of 1852-3 was a long and severe one and there was little of the rough work that most of the Germans were seeking, but this fact did not deter them from having a good time and their social gatherings were numerous; the result was that they got to know each other well and became better posted on the affairs of the day than many of the English-speaking people of the city.

Chicago became the stopping place for many of the Germans who were coming to the United States in large numbers at that time, and, as a result, the society soon became one of the strongest in the city, wielding a large influence in municipal affairs. Its members were radical in many of their views, and they were all opposed to the legislation that was being forced on the city, compelling a strict observance of the Sabbath.

That was one thing from which most of them were fleeing, when they left the old country, and they looked with alarm on the American movement that attempted to deprive them of the good times they were having on that day.

Another thing that annoyed them was the anti-saloon movement, which was then being agitated; and the strict laws that were being made restricting the sale of beer. They had established the beer garden which was to them an all-satisfying pleasure. They had their dance halls, which were scenes of

gaity and good times on Sunday nights, but the church people so opposed them that laws were being drafted to compel the gardens to close and the Sunday dances to cease.

It was to avoid this very thing that most of them had come to America, and at one of the meetings of the society, William Schmidt, in a strong and impassioned address, declared that there must be some place in the United States, where they could have absolute freedom, and that he would be one of a number to search for such a place and there build a home free from the interference of laws that were dictated by the narrow tenets of the church, rather than for the best interests of the people at large.

His address was the talk of the society for many days. Maps of the country were consulted, and the interest grew to such an extent that it was decided to send someone to attempt to locate a place.

About this time stories of the vast richness of the western country were being brought in, and those who were not tied down by the requirements of business were beginning to get restless and dissatisfied. The unsettled frontier spirit that had dominated the city had passed away, and, with it, the peculiar freedom the Germans desired, and the longing to get away grew rapidly.

Their abstinence from places of worship attracted to them the criticism of the other people, and they were made the butt of ridicule for many, so much so that they were determined to escape from it to a place where they might have perfect freedom.

It was this condition of affairs that caused Fred-

erick Beinhorn, at one of the meetings of the society, to suggest that as many as were willing to go into a society that would be organized for the purpose of raising money to found a colony some place in the west, should sign an agreement which he had prepared and then plans would be formulated for raising money. To his surprise, every person in the house signed it.

Thus was organized and established The Chicago Land Verein, and Frederick Beinhorn was made its president. Each member paid into it the sum of thirty dollars and with this as a nucleus the society builded a strong organization that grew with amazing rapidity.

During the winter it was learned that certain lands belonging to the Indians were to be disposed of and opened for settlement in the near future. It was decided that a representative should be sent out to investigate and the choice for this important mission fell to William Schmidt.

It was a cold, clear night in February. The streets of Chicago were deserted save by those who had business to attend to or were out for the purpose of fulfilling some engagement. There was no loitering on the street corners or in front of the stores, for the thermometer was doing business down below the zero mark, and it was cold.

The clock in the high city tower had just finished striking the hour of eight, when a young man alighting from the train made his way out of the station into the main part of the city. He had neither money nor baggage and, to all intents and purposes, was

alone in the world. He was a manly-looking fellow and apparently heeded but little the fierce wind as it whirled the fine snow about the buildings and piled it in drifts across the streets and in the yards, though his clothes were thin and served but poorly to keep out the cold.

He was a stranger in the city, that was evident for he hesitated in the best-known part. He was alone and to be alone in a large city at night in the dead of winter, friendless and unknown, is worse than being lost on the prairies or in the woods, for it tantalizes you with the hope of comfort and shelter and torments you with its refusal.

He was awed at the magnificence of the place; it was so much larger and better than he had expected, and for a time forgot the conditions which surrounded him in admiring some of the building he came across as he wandered about.

Without money he could not hope to get accommodations at the hotels, so he decided to look for an acquaintance of his father's before it became too late. He was reasonably sure he would find a night's lodging there.

He wandered aimlessly about the streets, inquiring of all whom he met if they had ever know a man by the name of Schmidt; but he always received a discouraging answer.

As he passed along one of the streets, he found himself opposite a place from which came the sound of music and dancing. It was the old Market Hall, and the appearance of warmth and comfort inside made him long to be there.

"It will do no harm to step inside," he said; and as the next couple passed in, he followed, seating himself by one of the stoves grateful that chance had placed it in his way to secure shelter from the cold even in this way.

Two men near him were so earnestly engaged in conversation that they hardly noticed him when he took a seat beside them, but they looked up presently as a man and his wife entered the hall and proceeded to the dressing room.

"Well I declare," said one, "If there isn't old Bill Schmidt! When did he return?"

"He is the fellow who went out west to look up a location for the society, isn't he?" replied the other with some contempt.

"Yes, the society sent him out something more than a year ago."

"He has done uncommonly well the past year. Went into the milling business as a speculation and it has turned out better than any of us thought it would."

"If I remember right when he came to this place from Cincinnati, some years ago, he was as poor as most of us. That is the way of the world; the man who makes the money is not always the one who does the work."

"Right you are, and I, for one, would like to see the time when we could all share and share alike. It is getting to be that the poor man has no show with the one who has the money."

"That's just it and that is the reason why I was opposed to sending a man like Schmidt out to look

up a location for the rest of us. Ten to one he has fitted himself out in good shape and we will have to look out for ourselves."

"It's hard to see how a man who came up from the condition he was in, in the old country could become as aristocratic as he is. They used to live not far from my people, and they were too poor to own a cat. When they started for this country, they walked the whole distance to the station, which is something we didn't do."

"Well, you have to credit some of it to the way he has managed, and has made everything count, but still he grinds his men like he does his wheat. That's one of them—the fellow just coming in, and that is Schmidt's oldest girl with him."

"You don't say! I didn't think the old folks would let a common fellow like him go with the girl. I thought he was keeping her for one of the princes of the old country. The fellow with her is common enough, the Lord knows. Who is he? Has some position in the mill, or something of that sort. At any rate he is little better than the common run of men, I presume."

"How much do you think Schmidt is worth?"

"Well, that is hard to say. He may be worth fifteen thousand or twice that, but however much it is, there are few men in the city better off, and better able to help a poor fellow out than he is, but I don't believe he would turn his hand over for that purpose, do you?"

"There he comes now! Did you ever see the like? How the people all bow and scrape to him, as though

he was the president or some other great man. I thought when we got into this country that all such things would be done away with, and that we would all be common people."

"He seems to be coming this way. What are you going to do, bow to him like rest, or are you going to give him the cold shoulder?"

There was no time for an answer to this question for the man under discussion had approached within speaking distance, and, like the others, the two men arose and were profuse in their greetings; when Schmidt, taking notice of the young fellow on the seat near the stove, inquired who he was.

The young fellow did not give them time to answer but arose, and, extending his hand, said that his name was Zittel, and that he had just arrived in the city and was looking for a man by the name of William Schmidt.

"Your name is Zittel, you say? Are you from Cincinnati?" inquired Schmidt with no little astonishment.

"Yes, sir, and I believe that you are the friend of my father for whom I have been looking. I have been sitting here and have heard some of the conversation these men have had, and I gather that you are the same William Schmidt who came to this country with my father."

"Then your name is Heinrich?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Heinrich, I'm glad to have found you. Come with me and I will introduce you to my wife;

she will be glad to see some one with news of her old friends."

The young man received a warm welcome from Mrs. Schmidt, and the fact that he was not well clad did not seem to make any difference, for he was soon deep in the history of the folks at home.

So chance had brought Heinrich to the very door he was seeking. But how would he be received at the home? The stories he had heard did not give him the best impression of the man for whom he had been looking.

However, as he was asking himself these questions, Mr. Schmidt came over and told him that both he and Mrs. Schmidt were anxious that he should go with them to their home and he could send to the hotel in the morning for his things.

CHAPTER IV.

The morning brought a revelation nearly as surprising as the evening. Instead of the aristocracy he had expected, there was more richness than he had ever seen, and he was waited on by the servants as though he were someone of note instead of the son of a poor man. This fact did much to destroy the impression that was created in his mind the night before by the conversation of the men, so that as he went to breakfast and was greeted by all the members of the family, he became convinced that his father's friend was the same as in the days of their mutual poverty.

"Good morning, Heinrich; you are an early riser, I see. Were you comfortable last night? Mrs. Schmidt was afraid it would be cold in your room, for it has not been used for sometime, and you know we did not expect you."

"It is the best I have ever been in. A fellow would have to have a very guilty conscience or a bad stomach who could not rest well in that pleasant room."

"We will have breakfast in a short time. It is a little late this morning on account of the dance last night; in the mean time, if you are interested in horses, I would like to show you my trotters. I think they are about the best in the city."

"You have a fine place here, Mr. Schmidt; it must be the best in the city."

"By no means. It is very good, and we take a great deal of pride in it, but it is far from the best. You don't remember the home we used to have in the old country, do you?"

"O yes, I can remember just how it looked, but I was too young to appreciate the poverty. You know when one sees nothing better he is content to believe that he is as well off as possible, and I suppose that is the way I felt at that time, but I believe the worst we have here is better than what we had there, is it not so?"

"Well, yes, at this time it is; but I can see a time when it will not be so. The man or nation that creates its own oppression is often in a worse condition than the country that is ruled by so-called oppressors. There will come a time in this country, before it is as old as the one from which you and I came, when there will be an oppression of the poor people that will be more intolerable than the oppression in the east. It is bound to come, under the present conditions. But you do not care to discuss political economy, so we will return to the house and see if there is anything to eat."

At the breakfast table Heinrich informed them that he had grown tired of the life he was leading in Cincinnati. The place was largely under the control of the rich, and there was little else for a poor man to do but shovel dirt, so he had started with all his earnings for the west. In one of the cities where he had stopped he had been robbed of all he had, so that it became necessary for him to sell his overcoat and watch to get enough money to bring him to

Chicago, where he was convinced his father's friend, if he were successful in finding him, would help him to get into some kind of business.

"And here I am," he said, "ready for anything you may suggest."

"How much money did you lose when you were robbed?" inquired Mr. Schmidt, being inclined to doubt the story.

"Well, I don't suppose you would call it very much but when it is all you have it is a large amount; it was about one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The watch was a cheap one and the overcoat cost me twenty dollars."

"That is quite a sum in these days. There is very little work to be found in the city at this time, I am afraid, but I can make a place in the mill for you, if you are not averse to that kind of work."

"Indeed I am not, sir. I will only be too glad to take it. I did not know what you were doing in the city, for we have heard from you so seldom during the last few years, but I heard one of the men saying last night that you had a mill."

"I guess those men you heard talking didn't say anything very complimentary of me, did they?"

"Well, no. One of them didn't; the other was inclined to be different."

"They are men who came here years ago and took up a homestead, not far from the center of the city and, when I came here, they were ready to sell out for a song. I kept my eye on the property and, when I could get some money, I bought them out. They both left the city for a time and have recently

returned and find the property has become quite valuable. I can sell the smallest lot for more than I paid for the whole piece."

"So that is the explanation, they are jealous. I thought as much. But one of them said you had been out west to look up a location for some colony or something of that kind. I didn't catch all they said, for they talked low when they were speaking of that; but they were surprised to see you. Have you just returned?"

"Yes, only yesterday; but it is a long story and I think we will go into the library, and if you care to hear it, I will tell you something of the trip. You will be the first to hear of that wonderful country.

"You see, Heinrich, the most of the members of the society are really socialists. I was, until I found that a man cannot really be himself and belong to that belief. Back in the old country, we were cramped and had to bow to the will and dictates of some one else.

"We love freedom of thought and speech. Our homes, their joys, their pleasures and their happinesses are our strongest regard. They are the castles where affection always sits enthroned. When we came to this city, there was that freedom and in a large measure we were happy.

"But the city does not hold what we were looking for. The majority of the people here are different; our habits and customs are different; our ways are different; and our speech is different. Religion and the ideas it brings, as I have said, has narrowed things down so that many of us have become dissatisfied.

"We do not believe in a socialism that destroys for the purpose of taking from one to give to another, but in a socialism that regulates the movements of humanity, steps in and arbitrates between labor and capital, defends the poor, and holds a check-rein on the rich.

"In other words, like the Puritans of the east, we are looking for a place in which to live and enjoy life without the restrictions of religious intoleration and the interference of its laws.

"I traveled over a large part of Iowa and failed to find anything that came within my idea of what would suit the people and then I started for the north, after many adventures arriving at a fort on the Mississippi which is called Snelling.

"It stands on the border of one of the prettiest valleys that I have ever seen, and in many respects reminds me of the valleys in the old country below where your father and I used to 'tend the farms of the rich owners who, in one way, were virtually our masters.

"As I looked out over the valley from the fort, I could see the half-naked Indians and their squaws, apparently in peaceful possession of all the land, and I wondered, as I did when I landed at New York, if there was not one small spot that could be appropriated to our purpose.

"Railroads are distant many miles from that point and it will be many years before there will be those rich enough to attempt to build into that country, and I am positive that if we can get a colony started there and get a good, firm foot-hold, the

time will never come when we will be compelled to yield to the narrow ideas that have spoiled the beauty of so many governments founded and destroyed by man.

"I inquired about the country and found that it was all in possession of the Indians, but that rights could be obtained from them, and that before long, the government would treat with them for the land along the Mississippi and its large tributaries, including the land bought from Spain.

"I cannot see the justice of this, for it seems the government has not only had to buy the land from Spain, but is now about to buy it again from the Indians. It looks like a queer deal to me.

"I found at the fort several Germans who had been pretty well over that country, and they all spoke in the highest terms of it, so much so that I decided to make the trip and see for myself.

"I had told some of my friends of the object of the party which I had represented, and they at once fell in with the scheme, and were even anxious to go with me. So one morning we prevailed on the captain of one of the steamers to make the trip for us. It is out of the run of the regular steamers, for there are only certain times of the year when the trip can be made on account of the water, which gets very low.

"The river up which we went is the largest tributary of the Mississippi in the territory and flows out near the fort. It comes in from the west, and I concluded that by following its course, we would get as

far as possible into a country little known to white people.

"I cannot describe the beauty of the country through which we passed. A country wild with the wildness of nature run rampant—a valley closed in on all sides by bluffs that shut out the vision beyond and compel one to feast on the beauties that a wide river has cut out of an endless stretch of prairie land. For two days, we traveled up this stream, called, I believe, the St. Peter River; but I saw nothing that satisfied me, or seemed to measure up to what I believed the society wanted.

"We had left the boat one evening, intending to camp on the bank of the river, for we had sighted a fine spring of water, and one of the party had killed a deer, which, by the way are as tame as cattle. We had built fires about the place, hoping that the smoke would drive the mosquitoes away; for they were fearful, tormenting us almost beyond endurance.

"You have no idea how large and fierce they are. The ones we have here are not to be compared with them. These fires, it seems, had attracted the attention of some Indians, who were seen skulking in the woods.

"This was not very reassuring to most of us, and was especially disquieting to me, for I had not as yet come in contact with any of them, and so between mosquitoes and the fear of Indians, there was little sleep for me, and I sought the shelter of the boat where I was contented to remain.

"It was still early in the morning; the sun was

just beginning to show itself through the trees, when a Frenchman by the name of LaFrambois, one of the kindest-hearted men I ever met, called to us in broken English to know if we had any ammunition to sell.

"As he seemed friendly enough, it was decided to have him come on board in the hope of getting information from him in regard to the condition of the country, and how far we could go without meeting obstructions. He proved to be an interesting character. He was dressed in skins, principally, and wore Indian moccasins for shoes, and though the weather was very warm he wore a cap made of what I took to be beaver skins. I asked him if he did not suffer from the heat, and he told me it was the coolest costume he could get and he preferred it to the clothes usually worn by white men.

"He told me he could take me to the very spot I was looking for. An ideal place, he said, and it was sure to be included in the strip that was to be opened soon for settlement. As he was traveling in the direction we were going, he volunteered to show us the place, in exchange for a quantity of ammunition, so we were soon on our way again.

"Before night of the same day, we arrived at a place where a large stream flows into the St. Peter, and it was there that LaFrambois said the land was situated.

"It was indeed a charming spot and we were all pleased with it. A number of Indians on the land appeared ready to part with any interest they had in

it, so I believe it will be the easiest thing in the world to get it.

"After satisfying ourselves that it was a suitable place and plenty of land to be had, the party started on the return trip. Most of the men secured an abundance of furs from the Indians and felt that they were well paid."

"You certainly had an interesting trip. But then Mr. Schmidt, don't the Indians have some rights to this land? How are you going to get it away from them? As I understand it, they have no legal right to dispose of the property; am I not right?"

"Don't let that worry you, young man; it can be easily arranged. I have some influence with the Indian agent, through an old acquaintance; he tells me it is time the land along that river should be taken out of the hands of the Indians and given to some one who can make the most of it for it is the finest land on the continent, and those who came first will be the ones to reap the benefit. This Indian rights' business, he said, is all a farce, and it is only a question of time, and not a long time at that, when they would not have a foot of land in the United States. Of course, I don't believe that, for this little strip we want is only a fraction of the immense tract of land lying to the west and north, which is as large as the balance of the United States."

"I don't think it is right, though. I can't feel the way you do about it. You want to start a colony where you can do just as you please, and you go at it by driving out people who have been doing as they pleased for many generations. Don't you think they

have some rights to the land they have possessed for all time?"

"O, but we will get our title from the government."

"Yes, and the government will get it from the Indians, and when the Indians realize that they are being crowded out of their possessions, they will make a protest and there will be trouble. I can't see how any race of people can be expected to sit still and allow that, and certainly not one as vindictive as the Indian seems to be."

"My boy, you don't know Indians. They are a worthless lot of beings who live and die without do-good. They don't know why they were created, nor for what purpose they are living; they have no religion, and not a shadow of civilization. When we get the land, we will improve it and make something out of it."

"I understood you to say this colony was to have no religion, infact, if I understood you correctly, it is to get away from religion that you are undertaking the experiment."

"You are right; there is too much of the crack-brained religious philosophy in the civilization of the present. I don't believe in God, or any of the teachings his followers try to stuff down our throats. It is simply a new form of idol worship, and if mankind would do some of the acts attributed to God, he would be burned in effigy. I confess I sometimes feel inclined to show these fanatics how little respect I have for their teachings by some such an act. Of course here it would mean a fine and perhaps impris-

onment, so firm are they established in their religious beliefs."

"You may be right, Mr. Schmidt, but I fail to see the philosophy of it. If there ever was a socialism it must be among the Indians, and they seem to enjoy their life in their way, as much as we do in ours, and in a measure you purpose doing to them as the landlords of the old country did to you. Injustice, you know, Mr. Schmidt, rarely goes unpunished, and I am convinced this will be the height of injustice."

"Nonsense, Heinrich! The landlords of the old country were no better than we. They simply had the power. They worked us to death at starvation wages, and denied us the privilege of being men—we were slaves. The Indians, it is true; possess the land, but they have no better right to it than we have. They are nothing but roving bands of wild savages who live on the game they kill, and dwell in tents made of the skins of animals. We will have the government treat with them for the land, and then it will be an easy matter to get it from the government, by buying or homesteading. Once in our possession there will be no fear that it will ever be taken from us by the Indians, for the government will uphold us in its possession."

"The government is strong and will be able to do it, that is sure, but I can't see how the Indians can be made to submit to the proposition without a struggle."

"Well, I am not going to worry my head about it, for I don't think I will ever go there. I will make my report to the society and I am sure they will ac-

cept it and, before the year is over, they will be making arrangements to go there."

"Then you are satisfied to remain here?"

"Well, I think for the good of my family it is better, and the past year has been a prosperous one for me unless things have changed while I have been away."

"What interests me most is whether or not you are going to be able to find something for me to do in the mill. I believe I would like the business," said Heinrich.

"You needn't worry about that, there will be a place for you. You will want to rest a while, and get acquainted with the city, before you settle down to hard work, for you will find that it is not a lazy man's job by any means."

CHAPTER V.

A rap at the door interrupted the conversation, and Katherine entered, bringing with her the mail that had been delivered for the morning.

"O, papa!" she exclaimed, "you don't know what good news I have. Can you guess?"

"You are unguessable, daughter. I give it up."

"And you, Henry! I'm going to call you Henry; that American, you know—you will be delighted."

Both men smiled, and confessed that they would not be able to guess the problem in a thousand years,

"Well, I'll tell you: Nell is coming, and she is going to stay all the rest of the winter! Isn't that fine?"

"And who is Nell?" inquired the boy.

"O, that's so, you don't know her; well, you just wait. If you don't say she is the best ever, then I will lose my guess. She is just the sweetest girl living, and I am just as happy as I can be to know that she is going to be here. But I won't bother you." And the young lady danced out of the room.

"You will excuse me, Heinrich, while I run over some of these letters. The mail must be important, or they would not have sent it up from the mill. I presume, though, that they thought the storm was so severe, I would not be down to-day."

"Just go ahead with your letters; don't let me bother you. I will go and see if I can discover some-

thing more about this wonderful Nell who is to come." So saying, he closed the door and descended to the parlor.

Standing in the hall and turning over in his mind the events that had transpired since the previous evening, he was surprised to see Katherine in the yard, working vigorously with a broom cleaning the sidewalk of the snow that had drifted upon it. He watched her for a while, admiring the splendid outlines of her graceful form, mentally concluding that he had never seen her equal.

He thought that he was unobserved, and when her back was turned, he assayed to go out, but had no more than closed the door when the girl turned suddenly, and delivered a well-directed snowball full in his face.

"That's for your ungallant conduct, sir," she said. "You don't need to think I did not see you when you came down, and you have been there for a long time watching me, when you ought to have been out here helping." And her laugh rang out like a silver bell.

"You are unfair, Katherine. I could not help admiring the pretty picture you made, and if I was an artist, I would want no better subject for a picture than that, I am sure, would make me famous."

"You paying me compliments when there is most of this sidewalk to shovel off! Come now, you are wasting time and I don't believe a word you say."

"I confess I am not an adept at making compliments, but it would be a poor fellow, indeed, that

would not be struck with the beauty of the picture before me."

"O, you don't need to apologize. There are lots of fellows to whom you could give lessons in that line, but there are some I believe who could show you how to clean sidewalks."

"There is still a large part of the walk to be cleaned, and if you will accept my services, I will relieve you of the task."

"O, sir; it is no task I assure you," and a whisk of the broom completely covered the confused boy with snow.

"There is a shovel in the wood-house at the back of the yard and if you care to help, see what you can do with that big bank, in front of the gate; it is really too large for one to attempt with the broom; but, if you think I am going to give up the only occupation I have, to please you, you are very much mistaken."

The shovel in the hands of the strong young man soon worked wonders in the drift, and a passage was effected to the street, before the two returned to the house.

"Say, Kitty," the young man started to say, when he was stopped by the look the girl gave him.

"That's American, you know!"

"Please don't call me Kitty; that's what we call the cats. Call me Katherine or Kate—anything but Kitty. I think that is horrible."

"Well, Katherine, then; I am just dying to know more about this Nell that you are so glad to hear from. Who is she, what is she, where is she, and when?"

"She is a very dear friend of mine whom I met at school last year. She is living with her stepfather in a small town in the southern part of the state. She is one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen, if she is only sixteen."

"Prettier than you?"

"Shame on you, Henry. Yes, she is."

"Impossible,"

"I tell you she is, and I warn you, sir, that you are not to fall in love with her, for I don't believe much in this love business. It makes more trouble than it does good, and I don't want my little friend to get into trouble while she is here."

"There is no danger of that. I didn't come to this city to fall in love. My mother would tell me that I am not old enough. I am just curious to know: is she dark, or light; English, or German; Irish, or Indian."

"She is neither dark nor light; has blue eyes; she is rather slender and not very tall, and I think she is English. Her full name is Nell Griswold, and as sure as you live, here she comes!"

The impulsive girl fairly flew down the walk to meet a hack that had stopped at the front gate, and was soon welcoming the object of the conversation

"O, Katherine, you horrid girl! I didn't tell you when I was coming, because I wanted to surprise you, and here you are at the gate to welcome me. It is really too bad."

"My dear girl that just happened. You see Henry and I—O, excuse me, Henry, this is my friend, Miss Griswold, Mr. Zittel. You see, Nell, I have

been surprised twice in as many days. Henry is the boy who walked out of Germany with me. It must have been too comical for anything. You know we trudged along behind our parents from the farm to the station; I had hold of his hand to keep from getting lost, and now we are both grown up and haven't seen each other for a good many years, until he came last night, and happened to find me at a dance at the old Market hall. Isn't it queer? We were out here cleaning off the walk and were talking about you; I was just telling him not to fall in love with you—"

"O hush, you foolish girl! Let's go into the house. I am dying to see your mother, and to tell her all that has happened since I was here last year."

The coming of the young girl seemed to bring a ray of the brightest sunshine into the house. There was singing and playing and the recounting of the pleasant school days, until the evening came, and with it the return of the miller. In his hearty welcome of the guest of his daughter, a stranger would not have noticed that anything was wrong; but to the eye of the wife and daughter, there was the trace of a care in his drawn features.

"What is it, dear?" said his wife when they were alone.

"What?"

"There is something wrong. Has anything happened at the mill?"

"Yes, there is some trouble, but I hope it can be easily adjusted. Things are in very bad shape, and my absence has not tended to help matters. There is much dissatisfaction among the men. More than

that it has been a long and tiresome day. The heavy snow has blocked all the roads, and it will be impossible to get wheat into the city for many days; so I have given orders that the mill shall be shut down for an indefinite time. I am sorry that it has to be done, and more particularly because it is largely the fault of the management. There are men working there who need all the money they can get to keep their families through the winter; and I know that all of them are ill-prepared for the times that are coming. What makes it worse is that my interests in the east have been wrecked by the failure of one of the largest banking houses in New York, so that the capital I had relied on to tide me over anything like this cannot be secured, and all of my debts cannot be paid."

"How much do you need, William?"

"Oh, the amount is not so much at present, but there is small hope for the future. Money is scarce and is difficult to get on the very best security. Then what little wheat there is in the country is cut off from market, for the present, by this storm which is the worst, I believe, we have ever had in the state,"

"Yes, but William, you can have what I have saved, and Katherine has some. There must be several hundred dollars in the bank."

"No, no, my dear, that is yours and Katherine's. Not one cent of it will go into the business. I was in the bank today and inquired about the chances of getting a loan, and they said it was absolutely impossible; so I believe the best thing for you to do is to go to the bank in the morning, draw your money

out, and put it in a safe place, for there is sure to be a run on the bank as soon as the news of this eastern panic reaches the city."

"You don't think it is as bad as that, do you?"

"It is best to be safe. Don't lose sleep over the matter; there is time enough for that."

"I can't imagine how it can be so bad. There must be some mistake."

"I was disappointed in young Reynolds. He accused me of being a tyrant; he said he hoped that I would come to a place where I would have to beg for favors. Do you know I really thought the fellow was a promising young man."

"He is the young man who has been quite attentive to Katherine for the past year, is he not?"

"Yes, the same. He seemed so ambitious, but after the language he used to me this afternoon, we will have to forbid him the house."

"Let us not borrow trouble on that score. If he is in that temper, he will either apologize, or will be man enough to keep away without telling."

"It broke me all up to tell the men there would be no more work for them. They just stood there—some of them with tears in their eyes, unable to say a word; and some of them began to swear and to say that I wanted too much and did not care if they and their families did starve. That is the hard part of it. They don't know and wouldn't believe that if I cannot realize on the property I have, I will be even poorer than they are. It is the thanks one gets for being just with his help. I should have closed the mill weeks ago, for it has been running at a loss sim-

ply to give the men work, and most of them should know it."

Mrs. Schmidt crossed over to where her husband was and, putting her arms about his neck, she kissed him.

"It is useless to worry so, my dear," she said. "We all know that you have done the very best you could and you are answerable only to yourself and to your family and we all love you. If there is no way out of this but to give up everything, we can sell the property and with what we get for that, we can start over again, even if it is in a humble way."

"There speaks my true wife. There is not another woman in the world like you, Katherine, and I hope for your sake that we may be able to get out without anything so serious as that."

CHAPTER VI.

"Good people, will you please come into the parlor? I have sent word to my friend, George Reynolds, to come over for the evening to help us celebrate the return of these two prodigals, and he will be here in a short time; meanwhile we are to listen to a musical number by the celebrated prima donna, Nell Griswold. Ahem!"

As the day and its import was being discussed in the library, the songs of the young people carried to the parents the mirth of a world from which they had passed; and in the midst of it all, a servant announced Mr. Reynolds.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed as he entered the room, "it seems with poor grace that I interrupt this merry scene; please do not let the music stop because I have come."

"It was not a musicale to which you were invited, Mr. Reynolds, but to help welcome these strangers. One I have not seen for a dozen years and the other, for several months; and they are both the very best people on earth."

"That being the case, where do I stand in the list of good people?"

"You just come right along with me and let me introduce you, and then you can figure out where you stand."

"I believe, sir, that I have a score to even up

with you," he said to Henry. "It seems that I saw you at the dance the other evening, and that you were guilty of stealing several of my dances, am I not right?"

"Pardon me for not recognizing you, but I was so strange then that I have little appreciation of what I did or whom I met. I was so overjoyed to find that my friends were at hand."

"You made the fellows all jealous of you that evening."

"I don't blame them for being jealous, for I surely monopolized the time of the prettiest girl in the hall."

"I see that you have the correct eye for beauty."

"We are both of us highly favored, I am sure. You work in the mill do you not, Mr. Reynolds?"

"That depends on what you call work. I suppose to you, work means to be a roust about; I am in the office, or rather I was,"

"Why do you say you were; aren't you still there?"

"Then the old man hasn't told you what he has done?"

Heinrich wondered if this man had been turned out to make room for him and he began to feel uneasy, particularly as he did not like the tone Reynolds was using when he referred to Mr. Schmidt.

"I am sure," he said, "that Mr. Schmidt has said nothing to me of his affairs, but I hope nothing serious has happened."

"Serious! It is about as serious as it can be. The mill—"

"Come, come! You boys must not forget that

there are such divinities as we girls in the room. What shall it be, whist, or hearts, or poker?"

"Make it poker, with hearts as the stakes, and I will play the game of my life," said Reynolds, with a meaning look at Katherine.

"We do not play for such high stakes in this house, I will have you to understand, sir; and then besides, it would not be fair; for the loser would be the winner and the winner would be the loser, and where would you be? Let us make it hearts; that is easier, and then we girls may talk as much as we like without forgetting what the trump is. What do you say?"

"We all say, good. Whatever Miss Katherine says, goes."

Heinrich found his place opposite Nell at the table, and, as the game progressed, he made up his mind that he had never met a person in whom all the graces seemed to be combined so completely as in her; In fact, he was not sure but that the Creator had not robbed all the seasons of the year of their best graces to adorn her; but she had no eyes for the attention he was bestowing upon her, for her vivacious tongue kept them in the gayest spirits, as she repeatedly scored the highest number of hearts and constantly maintained that she was a regular masher.

"How long are we to have the pleasure of your presence in the city, Miss Nell?" inquired Reynolds.

"Well, that depends on how long they will keep me. You see I haven't been permitted to tell my story, and they may want to get rid of me as soon as that has been told."

"What's that?" exclaimed Katherine. "I don't believe you have any story to tell, you little fibber; and even if you have, it cannot make any difference. You are going to stay just as long as you want to—till you get married, for that matter, but I do believe you have forgotten how to play cards; you have played twice out of your turn and you do not follow suit at all. Let's quit this and listen to some music, and then we will have this remarkably dramatic story of yours that is to change all our lives. First, it is up to you, Henry, to give us a song. Are you ready?"

"Now what ever gave you the impression that I could sing? I am sure that should I attempt it you would want to drive me out of the house; but if there is a violin within reach, I will make an effort to play something on that, and I think it will be more entertaining than my singing, at the same time I hope there is none in the house

"That's where you get fooled. Papa has one he hasn't used for a long time, and I know it is just dying to be played. While I am getting it, Nell, will you please entertain these people?"

Henry could really play well, though he was so very modest about his talent. The peculiar sweetness of the music that he brought out of the old violin soon filled the room. He lost the feeling of timidity, and gave himself up to the spirit of music, so that soon from the tangled labyrinth of chords and tones that seemed to cast a spell over them all, and which appeared to come and go at his pleasure, he produced

that familiar and always welcome, Home; Home, Sweet, Sweet Home.

The music reached the ears of the old folks and they could not resist the temptation to join the party, listening in rapt attention throughout the execution of the piece, lost in the memories the instrument awoke.

The player was really surprised at himself, and more so at the wonderful tone that came from the time-worn instrument. When he had finished the piece and laid the violin aside, he had the consciousness of having met with a valuable friend, and realized that the treasure which had been in his hands for the moment, was rare beyond his appreciation of value.

His small audience was so engrossed in the music that it was some time before they realized that applause was due. Tears were falling from the eyes of Nell, yet a smile of happiness seemed to shine through them; and the expression of all the others had changed as though a miracle had been wrought, so powerful is the influence of music.

"I have not played the violin for some time," the young man said, "but that is really the first instrument I have had that would make music. It must be one of the makes of the old masters; it has a wonderful tone."

"Indeed it is not all in the violin; it takes a genius, and I believe you are one. I have never heard such sweet music before, only please don't play that tune again this evening, or it will be necessary for me to leave the room to keep from making a goose of myself."

"That's the highest praise I have ever had, Miss Nell, and I am sure it is appreciated, coming from one who understands music as you do; but that you may not feel sad, I will play something to make you happy," and he reeled off some of the most rollicking music the party had ever heard, ending with the German national air.

This was for the benefit of the old people and it touched them, for the memory of that last evening in the old country came back, and they were again in the beer garden, listening to the band as it played the same piece.

How strangely the music led them back to the days of their youth and the events of the years before they decided to come to this country. Was it the music, or was it the fact that the oppression of impending ruin in business seemed to foretell a separation from the place in which they had lived for so many years.

But it all changed when the player, without having to be asked for another piece, began to play some of the stirring songs of the day—pieces that were familiar to all, and he soon had them singing. From that they went to dancing, and even the old folks, before they realized it, were on the floor keeping time to the irresistible music of the old violin.

"Well, Heinrich, I guess you have hypnotized us all. If any person had told me an hour ago that I would be dancing at this time, I would have told him he was crazy. You have done us all good. Have a good time the rest of the evening; Mrs. Schmidt

and I will not intrude longer. I wish you would keep the violin; it really has never had a master until it got into your hands." Bidding them all good night, the old folks withdrew.

"You have made a hit this time, Mr. Zittel, and you will be able to have anything you want while the rest of us poor dogs will not be in it," remarked Reynolds.

"I think we have found a treasure, don't you, Nell?" ventured Katherine. I just wish you would play some more. I could listen to it all night."

"Can't we have that story Miss Nell was to tell us. I, for one, am anxious to know if there is any romance in it," said Reynolds.

"Yes, yes, that story Nell! Let's see if you are as good at telling stories as Henry is with the old violin."

"O, please don't ask me to tell the story here, and at this time. We have had such a pleasant evening that I don't want to spoil it with a sad story. You will not insist I am sure."

"Can't do it Miss Nell, You don't look as if you had ever had a sad day in your life."

"That's where you are mistaken, but as you are determined to make me tell why I am here, I will say this much: I have no home."

"No what?" exclaimed Katherine.

"O, I didn't think you would believe it, but it is really so. You would believe it if you had been through what I have. I can't tell you the story tonight. and then it is too personal; you must not make me do it I will cry."

Going over to the piano, she set at rest any further attempts to get the story by commencing to play. Presently they were all singing, and then it was time to go home.

"You will be over Sunday, Mr. Reynolds? We are to have several of these little musicales."

"I can't say, Miss Schmidt; I thank you very much, but the truth is, I may be out of the city for a time. If the trains are running in the morning, I will go out on the first one."

"Isn't this a rather sudden change in your program?"

"Since your father has returned, there has been something doing at the mill."

"I believe you; papa is not lazy, and he has very little time for lazy people. What have you in that locket? I have often wondered."

"You might be surprised if you should see what there is in it. A picture of the prettiest girl I have ever seen."

"Then I don't want to see it."

"But I want you to see it."

"I won't look at it."

"Then I know you care."

"But I tell you I do not."

"Katherine, please look at it and then tell me if you care."

The young lady looked up, surprised at the tone of the speaker. He had never called her by her first name before, and somehow it seemed nice to hear him."

"Mr. Reynolds—," she began, when she caught

sight of the open locket, and in it a picture of herself."

"Forgive me, Katherine, but I do think it is a picture of the prettiest girl I know, and not nearly as pretty as the original. Do you care?"

"I ought to care."

"But I love you, Katherine. I have wanted to tell you so for a long time."

"No, no, you must not! I can't let you do it."

"Am I not worthy of your love, Katherine?"

"Yes; that is not it. I don't love you the way you want me to."

"Then you love me a little?"

"Perhaps I did, but you have spoiled it all. Papa would be furious if he knew this. You must go. I am sorry you have made it impossible for us to have any more good times. Please take my picture out of the locket and forget that you have ever thought that way about me."

"Curse your father. He has crossed me twice today."

"Don't speak that way, Mr. Reynolds; you are forgetting yourself."

"I am not forgetting myself. I am mad with the love I have given you and that you have seen fit to trample it under your feet. Why do you do it? Is it because I am not rich? If that is it, I can assure you there are few men of my age in the city who have better advantages."

"No, it is not that, You are all that a girl could wish, if she loved you. I can't help it that I do not. You will forgive me if I have led you to believe that I did, and please let us be friends."

"We cannot be friends. Friendship ceases when love begins."

"Then at least let us not part as enemies. Shake hands and bid me good night."

"Good-night and good-bye. I will not see you again. I leave the city in the morning for the west to work for the Hudson Bay Company. You will let me keep this little locket to remind me of the first and only love I will ever have."

"Keep it if it will help you. I am sorry it is to be good-bye."

"You, only, can make it anything else. Will you do it?"

"I cannot."

Katherine turned sadly from the retreating form and entered the room where Heinrich and Nell were impatiently waiting for her.

"It seems to me you take an abundance of time to say good-night to a person who lives only a few blocks away. It looks very suspicious, don't you think so, Henry?"

"Well, it is a fortunate fellow who has the chance, and it would be a fool who would not take advantage of it. But it does not seem to have been a very happy parting. Katherine, you have a face on you fully two inches longer than it was before you went out there to say good-night."

"You will excuse us, Henry, please. I know Nell is tired, for it has been a long day for her, and I will confess that I am a little out of sorts, myself."

"I beg your pardon, Katherine, if I have hurt your feelings."

"No, no! It is not that. You will know sometime, perhaps, but you are in no way to blame."

"What is it, Katherine?" asked Nell, when the two girls were alone.

"Did you ever have a fellow tell you that he loved you in a way that you were sure he meant it, Nell?"

"No. Is that what happened out there? Do you know I thought it was coming, from the way that fellow looked at you; but really I didn't expect it so soon. A person never can tell when it is ripe, can they?"

"Well, I guess not. I was never so surprised in my life."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him it could never be."

"Did he get mad? You see I am curious, for I never had a genuine love affair of my own, and I don't believe I ever had a friend who did."

"Yes, he got mad. I am sorry for him, but I am sure I never tried to lead him to believe I cared for him."

"Is he going to kill himself?"

"No, you foolish girl; they only do that in novels. He says he is going to leave the city, and I am kind of glad of it, for it would be unpleasant for us to meet as we would have to."

"He has your picture in his locket."

"Yes, did you see it?"

"He showed it to me."

"We won't bother about the subject any more. I want to hear what you have to say about your home."

It was mean of us to try to force you to tell it, but I thought you were fooling."

"Indeed I was not."

Katherine learned that on account of changes in her home, things were not to Nell's liking and she had concluded to try her fortune in the world alone so decided to go to Chicago and see if there was any thing she could get to do in that city, and if there was not, she would go east to her relatives, who had often urged her to come and stay with them for any length of time.

"But, Katherine," she said, "you know how relatives are. They want you to stay, as long as they know you have some other place to go to after they are through with you; but if they have a suspicion that you are to become the least burden to them, they want you to get as far away as possible; so I am here, and I intend to go out in the morning and see what I can find to do."

"You! Find work in the city? Who ever heard of such a thing? What can you do? No, indeed, you are going to stay right here and be my sister."

"O, I don't know what to do or think. Mother and I both thought it was better that I should leave and try to get something to do somewhere else, teaching, if I could, or something of that kind; and if I can't find what I want, I can get a job cooking, which would be far ahead of working on a farm."

"You are foolish to think of it. The idea! You doing cooking for a living! It is too ridiculous to think of."

"But is has come to the point where I have to do something."

"No, it hasn't. I have a better scheme than that. I want you to promise not to look for work of any kind outside of this house. We can find plenty to keep you busy, and I know mama will be glad to have you here, and then you and I will have such splendid times together.

"Yes, but you don't figure on the expense. I have no money of my own, or of any other person's, for that matter, and it will cost something to keep me going, besides what it costs to keep me eating."

"Don't let that worry you. I can't begin to spend the money my father gives me, so I have started a bank account of my own; I am sure the two of us cannot spend what I am allowed, unless you are much more extravagant than you were at school. So just put your cares to rest and go to sleep, or it will be time for breakfast before you close your eyes."

"Katherine, you are the same dear girl you always were, and I don't know how to thank you, for I know this is the most delightful place on earth and it is really the only place I can call home; but don't ask me to promise now, not till I think a while. It seems too much for you to do, without consulting your parents."

"No, it isn't that. I want you to promise me now, and I will tell papa in the morning that he has two daughters, and O won't he be proud? You just wait and see."

"You are too good to me, Katherine. I can't thank you; I don't know how. It seems too good to

be true; but I am sure I won't waken and find it all a dream."

So it was settled between the two girls, and they were each satisfied that it was the best bargain either had ever made.

CHAPTER VII.

It had been a long and eventful day to all the people in the house. There was unrest in all of the rooms. A strange premonition that all was not right had fastened itself in the minds of them all. This feeling was not shared so much by the visitors as by those who knew that the master of the house had not been himself since his return from the mill.

To Katherine, it seemed that her whispered confidences with Nell had just ceased, when she was awakened by an indefinable something. Her fitful sleep had been disturbed by startling dreams; something that was unusual for her. A faint, rosy glare filled the room and it served to increase the shadow of an evil she could not shake off.

Her room faced the mill, and many times, on retiring, she had gazed out of the window toward the shadowy frame structure which had done so much for her father, and whose stillness seemed accentuated after the bustle of the day.

Scarcely realizing what she was doing, she arose and went to the window. Parting the curtains, she looked in the direction of the mill, expecting to see nothing more than its vague outlines in the darkness and yet dreading the result of her examination.

What she saw, convinced her that her presentment of evil was not without its foundation, for one corner of the building was wrapped in a flaming ban-

ner that showed the snow as blood red, and caused fitful shadows to flicker along the silent and deserted streets.

It clutched greedily at the joists and stanchions, and laughing from the opening on the side, stretched its fiery arms about the corner as though striving to embrace the entire structure in one attempt, rejoicing in the fact that there was no one there to interfere in its destructive pursuit.

It was some moments before a full conception of the evil that was being done broke in upon the fascinated girl, and she was about to turn and alarm the house, when she was startled at the sight of a figure that emerged from the outer door and darted into the darkness.

The man appeared as an apparition but, as he rushed across the lighted area, there was that about him which seemed familiar. Her heart sank at the thought that it might be someone she knew, and then the impossibility of such treachery drove the idea from her mind, and her only thought was to arouse her father that he might, if possible, save his papers.

Her cries brought them all together in her room, but they quickly dispersed to go by the shortest route to the burning building. Before they could reach it, voices were heard on the winter air spreading the alarm. What followed was a vivid nightmare to the frightened girls, who soon returned to watch from the shelter of the house.

At the first realization of danger, William Schmidt had gone to his mill and he was soon joined

by a crowd of men and youths eager to aid in fighting the fire. A primitive bucket brigade was formed but its assaults were the futile efforts of a pigmy. From a point within the building, the flames spread in all directions until it was useless to try to cope with them.

Fed by the inflammable dust that filled all the nooks and crannies of the mill, and fanned into ferocity by a driving wind, the flames swept resistlessly onward and soon the whole lower floor was a seething mass of flames. Quickly they reached the upper stories with a roar and for a time the fiery streamers leaped skyward—lighting up all the city around about and presenting a spectacle dazzling and awe-inspiring. Then the walls fell, crashing inward, and to the eyes of William Schmidt, the myriad of sparks that arose into the heavens seemed as a mammoth funeral pyre for his lifelong hopes.

In less than an hour it was all over, though the dazed people stood and gazed into the furnace of heat many of them realizing that the means of earning a living had passed away in the dense smoke which gradually settled over the city. As he approached the family group, Mr. Schmidt raised his hand to hide his blistered face. He stood before them a moment without speaking, then said quietly: "Mother, our little fortune was represented in that mill. Fate has been very unkind to us tonight. There was no reason for the fire; the mill was empty so far as I know. There is but one solution to it and, if I do not miss my guess, the fire was started by some of the dissatisfied men."

"It cannot be helped now, William. There is still enough left to start over. You will feel more satisfied now, if you decide to take up with the colony which has interested you so much the past few years."

"It does not seem right, and I can never reconcile myself to taking you and Katherine out to that wilderness. But we will have time to think of that later. You will all be sick, if you stay out in this cold much longer."

In the house they separated—the mother and father looking to each other for comfort in their misfortune and the girls, respecting their unspoken wish for privacy. Once in her own chamber Katherine debated long and earnestly with herself, and then closed her lips resolutely. No one should ever know that near the open door of the burning mill, she had found the locket worn earlier in the evening by George Reynolds, and the confirmation it gave to the suspicion that it was he whom she had seen in the early period of the fire.

With the morning came a better spirit, and the misfortune of the night was made to appear small when it was considered that they were all safe and well, and Mr. Schmidt himself smilingly said, as he looked over to Nell: "We are really richer for we have a new daughter, which is better than to have all the mills in the country."

"It is very kind of you to say so, Mr. Schmidt. You don't know how grateful I am, when you can so ill-afford to take me in."

"A friend would be a poor friend, indeed, who

would not offer to share his misfortune as willingly as he would his fortune. If you are contented to share ours, then it is we who are indebted to you."

During the days that passed after the fire, there was much to be done and the young people were kept busy, so much so that they saw little change in the affairs of the home, which soon resumed its normal condition. In fact, under the circumstances it was fortunate that the mill was destroyed, for the insurance furnished ready cash for the miller, and enabled him to pay off some of the obligations that would otherwise have bothered him.

He had decided that the times would not warrant him in rebuilding, and thought the best thing he could do would be to take his wife's advice and go with the colony. He was more than ever determined in this when, day after day, he was compelled to listen to the remarks of people who did not agree with him, and had little sympathy for a man who did not believe as they did, who said: "It is a judgment of God. A man who sets out to defy God and the devil will come to grief some day."

"What do I care for these hypocritical Christians?" he often said to his wife. "They fight among themselves and have even less charity than we."

"We will escape from it all, William, when we get into the west; but sometimes I feel that they are right."

"Right! Why should they be right? Their homes are no pleasanter than ours; there is no more happiness in their lives, and afflictions come to them as it does to us. Look at our neighbor, for instance: have

they not lost their only daughter, a girl who had just blossomed into womanhood? What purpose could a just God have in depriving her of life?"

"Poor Anna's death is what is worrying me. Her mother is frantic and does not know whether to have the child buried by a minister or to use only the cold form of our service. You know she was not raised in the belief that we all have, and her people don't have anything to do with her because she left them to marry the man of her choice. Somehow it looks cruel even to me, to put that pure spirit away without some words of hope being uttered."

"It is hard to part with our loved ones at any time, and what we believe of the hereafter doesn't make any easier. Leave the funeral to me and I will conduct the services, I think I can do about as well as most of the so-called ministers."

"It shall be as you wish, William, but somehow I do not feel right about the way you and some of the other members of the society treat religion. I sometimes wish that I had belonged to a church. It must make people happy to have a hope which leads them to believe, even if they never realize it, that they will live again."

"Nonsense, my dear. You are not feeling well today. You have been up too much with Anna, and the cares of her funeral have taken your spirit. Death brings us face to face with the purpose of life; and life is but a mockery of the end. Be happy in knowing that for her all trouble, both here and hereafter, is ended."

"It would be nicer, though, to believe that such

a sweet character as hers could live on and be reunited with her friends beyond the grave."

"Well, my dear, it is useless to argue the question. I defy the God of the Christians to interfere in my affairs, for I am as satisfied that there is no God as I am that day succeeds night.

The day of the funeral brought large numbers of the friends of the young girl to her home. She was popular, not only in the society of the Turners, but among all the young people of that part of the city, and when William Schmidt looked over the audience to which he was expected to speak words of comfort, he saw that more than half were of a different belief from that he was advocating, and, for the first time, he doubted the wisdom of the course he was pursuing, realizing as he looked into the swollen eyes and saw the anguish of their countenances, what it was to be without hope.

"My friends and neighbors," he said, "I cannot tell you how hard it is to part the cloud of sorrow that hangs over you and gild your grief with words, at best such is all it is; for the grave has its dread and fear for all and no one can rob them of it. Life and death are the equal sovereigns of this universe, and they rule alike all who, without their own consent, become their willing subjects, so why should we fear to meet our sovereign?

"We were not responsible for our birth, and we are not responsible for our death; one is as mysterious as the other, then why should we fear that which must come to all of us; for we know not which will be the greater blessing.

"The entrance to life was through the door of pain and likewise is the entrance to death; life took us from whence we know not; death takes us whither we know not. We know not, then, whether it is best to die or best to live; for life to some is misery and death to many is happiness, and they escape much who die young.

"We sleep in conscious expectation of a coming morn; so it may be with death, for she who lies before us and who went to sleep in the morning of life may, perhaps, find her daytime in another sphere; to those who have hope to believe in this there is comfort. I would not rob them of it.

"The solution of this great problem has never been made, and the savage of the plains can answer it as intelligently as the most learned man in the gaudy trappings of priestly office. The mournful chants of the former are as consoling as the flowery and meaningless words of the latter.

"Love, my friends, is built on the shipwrecks of life. Were it not for the expectation of severed ties, love would linger awhile and then die; for love and life have no existence if they have no end, and we clasp our dear ones in fonder embrace when we know that shortly they must be taken from us. It is our common fate and they who realize this in its fullest sense hasten to break down the walls of selfishness and hate, that religion has built between our hearts, for they soon learn that it is better to live and love where death is certain than to live forever where there is no possible hope of love.

"Let us then look on the grave as a place of

peace and rest; yes, perchance joy; for the dead have no wants unsatisfied, and of a surety they do not suffer. So let us part from this grave with the belief that all we are, we must be while we live; and so living, learn that the best there possibly can be in life, under any circumstances, is to help the living, for we are children of the same parent and the same fate will at last be ours."

"Ah, but William," said Mrs. Schmidt, after the ceremony was over, "You held out some hope in that speech of yours. It was very good."

"Hope for the living, my dear, there is always that; but the dead are beyond our reach. Why discuss a subject we have settled so many times. You have not changed your mind?"

"No; only I was thinking that if Katherine died it would be nice to feel that you and I would meet her again."

"That would not give her back to you here nor in the least ease your sorrow. Half the men who have been cursing me for letting them out of the mill are so-called Christians. Those who are not; are the ones who accept the conditions and set about doing something else. I'll tell you, my dear, religion makes men either angels or demons, and most frequently the latter; and I have sworn to be done with a religion that can provide no better for its followers than to take from their hard-earned wages a part to support some sensual priest or bigoted preacher."

"I was amused at Nell," said Mrs. Schmidt, changing the subject. "You know she is as pious as the best of them. Before we decided to go on this trip,

we were talking along this very line and she said that God would surely bring some great judgment on a people who would presume to set up a government to defy him."

"She will be very lonesome out there, for there isn't a church within a hundred miles, if there is one as close as that."

"No need to worry on her account. She will be happy wherever she is, and, what pleases me most is, she will be such a pleasant companion for Katherine."

"By the way, does Katherine ever hear from George Reynolds? He left so suddenly and so mysteriously that I rather thought there was some ill feeling between them."

"She does not hear from him that I know of. Strange, too, for he was quite attentive to her. She never mentions him to me, and, come to think of it, neither does Nell, and I have not felt that it was any of my affair to ask for him, for to tell the truth, I was not very favorably impressed with him."

CHAPTER VIII.

The winter had worn itself away, and the early days of spring found the members of the colonization company ready to move to the new country. They had been busy for many weeks, arranging their affairs and building their prairie schooners, as the conveyances were called.

Several wagons had been purchased and they were covered with a strong oil cloth canopy, making them thoroughly water-proof and they were large enough to hold household goods and provisions besides the members of the family who were to accompany the expedition.

Few of them had money to pay stage fare for their families, and the women would not listen to remaining behind; not many of them stopping to weigh the sacrifice they were making by going in this manner over so great a distance, into a strange and entirely unknown land. They were plucky, however, and insisted on going.

A final meeting was held, so that no mistake might be made in their preparations. Hearing of this meeting, M. Schmidt determined to be present. It had been sometime since he had taken any active part in the meetings of the society and he was uncertain what sort of a reception they would give him. He found the society organized and the preparations well under way, and when he made known the fact

that he desired to go with the crowd, three cheers were given and there was a hearty welcome from them all.

"You are welcome to ride with me," said one, "for I don't suppose you will take your family with you."

"You are mistaken there, my friend," he said, "they are all as anxious to go as I am; infact, it was at the suggestion of my wife that I came here this afternoon. She and I are both tired of the way people are treating those who are disposed to differ with them in matters that are entirely personal. They won't hear to going any other way than with me; and, infact, since I have lost most that I had, there is little hope for them to get out there in any other manner than by the same way that I will have to travel."

"It will be a rough ride for them, since they are not as accustomed to hardships as most of the others are."

"I think we will manage it all right. My wife and daughter have the whole thing planned out, and have decided how they will furnish the wagon so they will live in a palace on wheels. I really think they don't dread the trip as much as I do. I would like to ask if any of you have made an estimate of the amount of supplies it will require to make the trip?"

"Well, in a measure, yes. We figure it will not take more than two weeks to make the trip, if we have good luck, and the roads are passable, but we have provided for three weeks. You know it is better

to have too much than not enough."

"I am inclined to think it will take all of three weeks, even at the best," said Mr. Schmidt. "If my experience in going over that country is anything to judge by, you will find traveling very slow, especially as much of the distance is over a country where there no roads. Some days you may not be able to travel at all, at this time of the year."

"You would suggest, then, that we better make it four weeks?"

"That is what I shall do in my own case."

"I believe we have a good addition in this man Schmidt," said the president, after the meeting had broken up. "Many of the boys were inclined to be hard on him because they said his riches had puffed him up and he was carrying his head a little high, but since the fire, I guess he has had that all taken out of him, and there is little danger that he will be any different from the rest of us."

"It must be quite a come-down to the women," said one.

"They say he has money from the insurance, and his wife had some money in the bank that he would not touch. If that is the case he will be able to fit himself out pretty well in the new country; for it doesn't take a fortune there to be considered a rich man."

So the talk went on, but after all was said they were well pleased with the addition to the party.

Mr. Schmidt bought the strongest light wagon he could find, and taking one of the heavy wagons from the mill, in fact the only one that was left from

the ruin, he had them brought to the house where he and Henry went to work transforming them into prairie schooners.

They made large bows that were arched over the box of the wagon. The original box was made higher, and projected over each side so that it made a platform over the wheels, which in the daytime could be used as a seat, and in the night be used for beds. The entire box was covered with a strong tent cloth and then oiled; windows were made in the sides, and curtains made to fit tightly over the front and rear; and a small stove was fastened into the box so that it could not be overturned and from it a pipe projected through the roof. This stove answered the double purpose of heating in cold weather, and cooking when it was not possible to do it at the campfires.

This was the wagon in which the women were to ride and it was arranged that Henry, who had decided to go with the party, was to drive the team; and the other was to be in charge of Mr. Schmidt. It contained the household articles and a quantity of farm implements.

Thus the caravans of the west were equipped, and thus they started on their long journey to a country that was then a wilderness, fraught with dangers unknown to a people of the present day. Laughing at the fears of the more timid, and filled with the spirit of adventure, but, withal, anxious to get to a place where they would be free from the yoke of oppression, this little band started.

So was the population of the west started; not by the wealth of the men who control it, but by the in-

dustry of the poor and the countless caravans made up of strong men and timid women, who, forsaking the pleasures of their childhood, have followed these first adventurers to the land where the horizon touches the earth on all sides—nature's great storehouse of possibilities, crying out to the oppressed of every crowded city, with no one to interpret the meaning of its voice.

The east has its mountains and the farther west its sentinel peaks, whose hoary heads, white-capped with the perpetual snows of winter, keep converse with the clouds; and, nestling within some sheltered spot, the persistent husbandman may find rich deposits in which to sow the seeds of harvest time; but these praries, rich in the abundance of untested farms which the God of nature has bestowed on them, stretch out to a distance limited only by the possibilities of the eye to see—one immense continent of farms covered with a carpet of deep green that undulates in the breeze like the waves of a restless ocean, impatient to bear on its crest the caravans of commerce.

Nell was determined she would not go with the party, because, she said, "it doesn't look right for me to become a burden to you at this time. I can't do anything to help that counts. If I could it would be different."

"Nonsense, you foolish girl," said Mr. Schmidt, "Of course we can't force you to go; but we all want you along, not for what you can do or what you can't do, but mostly for company. You see we will have to be our own company on the way and for a

long time after we get there; so if it isn't asking too much of you, we would like to have you with us."

"You are all too kind to me. Of course I will go, and be right glad to, only I want to do my share of the work."

"We will consider you one of the family, Nell, and you may be sorry that you ever consented to go with us."

"Of that you must let me be the judge. When do we start?"

"It was intended to start a week from today, but I think it will be sooner than that."

"How many are there?"

"Well there will be some ten wagons and fifteen or more people."

"Won't that be jolly? I just think it is the grandest thing, and heaps of fun."

"I hope it will prove so; but you better write to your mother; she may object."

The mention of her mother brought a cloud over Nell's face. "Oh, my poor mother," she said, "what is to become of her? Yes, I will write to her and may be, after a time she will come out and live near us. I am sorry for her." With this the impulsive young girl left and was seen no more that day.

The journey from Chicago to St. Anthony Falls in Minnesota, was a long and tiresome one, especially after the more thickly settled country about the cities had been passed, and there was little to vary the monotony of the daily scene.

They were camped one evening in the edge of a strip of woods which bordered a small lake—an ideal

spot for a camp; the wagons were strung out at intervals of several hundred feet, and each man's horses were tied by themselves or allowed to graze nearby. Most of the men were about the lake, fishing, while the women were busy preparing the evening meal, when a stranger rode into camp. His rough clothing and tangled hair and beard proclaimed him at once the frontiersman that he was. He rode up to a party of the women and with awkward grace pulled his muskrat hat from his head and dismounted.

"Evening, ladies," he said.

"Good evening, sir," replied the frightened women.

"Where's your men?" was the abrupt question he put to them.

"They are over at the lake, fishing. Did you want to see them? We can send over for them, if you will wait."

"Never mind. Will they be back soon?"

"We don't know, sir," replied one of the women, but they will certainly be back for their supper."

"Did they leave any signals?"

"Signals! No; why?"

"Well they are easy. Reckon I better ride over and see some of them." Turning his horse in the direction of the lake, he left the women in a high state of alarm.

"Who do you suppose he is and what do you suppose he meant by signals?" said one.

"I am sure I don't know and I can't guess; but we will find out as soon as the men return. It can't be that there is any danger, can it? I wish Mr.

Schmidt and his wagons were here. It seems to me we ought to keep closer together."

"I am afraid there must be some danger somewhere. He acted so mysterious; but we have seen nothing. Not even a track." By this time the women had all gathered about one camp and had entered into an excited discussion of the visitor and his short but significant conversation.

At the same time, the solitary horseman came upon the fishermen at the lake. They were laughing and talking across the water so he had no trouble in locating the men. At first he thought he would fire his rifle, just to see what they would do, and then he concluded it would frighten the women.

"The fools," he said, as he listened to them talking, "one good Indian could pick the whole bunch off and then what would become of the women? It is no wonder the Indians commit so many depredations when they are tempted like this."

"Hey, there!" he called in a voice that could be heard a mile.

"Hello!" came the answer. "What's wanted?"

"I don't want anything; but you fellows will want some help if you don't look out. Who are you and where are you going?"

"We're headed for Minnesota. Wait, pardner, and we will come over and talk. We haven't seen a white man, or any other kind for a good many days."

The party soon gathered about the stranger, who had dismounted and stood with his arm resting over the saddle of his pony. The men all shook hands with him and soon learned that he was a trapper

who had been in the country for many years and called himself LaFrambois.

"Do you know where you are?" he asked.

"No, We have no idea, except that we are going west and have not yet reached the Mississippi river, though we should be near there."

"You are not far from it, and you are getting into pretty ticklish country, to be as careless as you are. I just happened to run on to your camp and I guess I scared the women pretty badly. I have seen a good many camps in this part of the country, but I have never seen one that is as unguarded as this one is, and I thought to myself as I came up: 'let them be. If they don't know any better, they don't deserve to to be told.' Then I saw the women and I concluded that they were so scarce in this part of the country it would not do to let them get killed off without trying to save them, so I made up my mind to come over and see what you look like."

The men laughed, as if they had heard a good joke, for there was not the least suspicion in their minds that they were within a hundred miles of the danger line. They invited him to camp with them, where they all sat down to the meal that was waiting for them, and after it the men found pipes and all prepared to enjoy the evening.

"What would you do, now," said LaFrambois, "supposing a pack of Indians was to come in sight? I reckon they would clean you out in no time."

"Are there any near here?"

"Are there any! Well, I should say so. Why, man, you have no distance to go at all and you are

in the midst of a big camp of them—Sioux, the most ungodliest of them all."

"This intelligence threw consternation among the men and their pleasure for the evening was gone. There was silence for some time and, before it was interrupted, the teams of William Schmidt arrived. One of the horses had become lame during the day and he was unable to make as good time as the others had.

The moment he came in touch with the party, the stranger recognized him and greeted him with a hearty hand shake, though Mr. Schmidt was at a loss to know who he was.

"Don't remember me, do you?" he said. "Aren't you the same man who was on the boat, that went up the river to look for land?"

"Sure I am, and you are La—— La—— what is your name?"

"LaFrambois."

"I've been trying to think of your name ever since we started. I am surprised that you remember me."

"That's natural. You get that way when you are with the Indians much, and I have been with them all my life; born in their camp. But that isn't what I stopped here for. I was just telling these men that this place would be a picnic for a few Indians, the way things are scattered about—yes, I believe one Indian with a good gun could easily get the whole party."

"How would you fix it Mr.——"

"Don't call me Mister. My name is Joe, among

the white people, and the Indians have several names for me, but I am not used to mister."

"Well, then, Joe," said Mr. Schmidt, "how would you fix things? Since my name is Bill, we ought to be the best of friends."

"They are always good friends of mine who are honest. I will show you."

With this the trapper had the men draw their wagons into a natural hollow, and showed them how to form them into a semi-circle, making an excellent barricade. The horses he then collected and secured near the camp, so they could all be watched; showed the women how to dispose of themselves in case of attack and told the men how to be certain of danger by the conduct of the horses, and by various other signs; also from which quarter to expect an attack and when.

"I don't say there is much danger here, but there is no use tempting the varmints. When you are in the enemy's country it is best to be prepared for him, and not be spread out the way you were. Let them know you suspect them, and they will often pass you up when, if they saw you were easy, they would massacre the whole bunch."

"We shall always remember your advice, Joe; it is the first we have had so far, and I am sure there will be no more tempting fate, in the shape of a savage, from this on. How far are we from the Sioux reservation?"

"Well, I reckon if you can catch the ferry working, it's not more than one hundred and fifty miles, probably not that far, if you are going to the place you have spotted."

"That is where we are going, if nobody has got there before us."

"You will find it the same and there is little chance of any other white people getting there for some years. It is too close to the Indians on the reservation."

"Are we very near the river?"

"Yes, I just crossed it a while ago. Two hours will take you to it from here."

"How is it; are the Indians likely to give us trouble?"

"No; the Indians are all right if you don't tempt them too much. I reckon I better be moving. You just do as I told you to and you will get through all right; Indians are cowards when they see they are watched."

With a parting salute to the women and with the assurance to the men that he would see them in their new homes, the trapper rode off through the woods.

CHAPTER IX.

"Joe is right," said Mr. Schmidt, after the man had left; "we must be more careful from this on, and it is a fortunate thing that he met us before we got into the Indian country, for I doubt not, we would have been just as careless as this, until we learned through sad experience a better way."

"There is only one thing we can do," said one of the other men, "that is to keep watch; one of us must stay up all night."

"Wouldn't it be better," said Mr. Schmidt, "to have some kind of an organization; that is have some one who is in command, as it were, so there will always be system to what we do."

"That's it; that's just what we want, and you are the man for the place."

This seemed to be the universal opinion, and as they were all agreed to it, Mr. Schmidt became the commander of the expedition for as long a time as it took to reach their destination. The first official act of the commander was to appoint details which were to be relieved in the night watches, so that it would not fall too heavy on one.

In reaching the place where they were camped, they had miscalculated the distance to St. Anthony and were nearly 100 miles farther down the river, and almost due east from the place for which they were looking, being near the government ferry at Winona;

so it was decided not to attempt to reach the former place, but to cross the river where they were, and, after locating, to send representatives to the land-offices to negotiate for the land. With this idea in view, they took up their line of march in the morning, and were soon on the government road leading to the ferry.

Weary with their long trip and worn with fears for their safety during the past few days, they had rested for the night, almost in sight of their new home. When the morning came, they continued their journey, and as they rode up to the edge of the bluff overlooking the valley in which, they were assured by Mr. Schmidt, lay the land they were seeking, they were not disappointed with the prospect. A more beautiful panorama it would be hard for the eye to picture or the mind to conceive.

As far as the eye could reach stretched the wide valley of the river, fringed with a border of green trees, whose waving branches and shimmering leaves seemed to whisper a welcome to the weary travellers. There had been nothing to mar the pleasure of the trip except the monotony of it, but this had at times been relieved by the tones of the violin in the hands of Heinrich, who, young as he was, had proved that he had wisdom equal to any of them, and he was the life of the party at the evening time; now that they were entering the valley that was to be their future home, he rose to the occasion, and gave three cheers. It was heartily echoed by the rest of the party and then taking his violin, he woke the echoes of the valley with strains of the German national air.

It was a scene to touch the hearts of all, and it was no wonder that the ladies were soon in tears and the men with difficulty kept their eyes dry. Had they not forsaken all that, to them, was dear in the city from which they had come, and were they not taking their lives in their hands in thus entering the home of the savages.

You, who have never parted in this way from your loved ones, have never closed the door behind you so that there was little hope of it ever being opened either to receive your friends or to let you return again, cannot appreciate the sacrifice that these pioneers made; and they did not, till their eyes first fell on the land they were to possess, and they realized that they were at the end of their journey and the work of their lives had begun.

For some time they lived in the wagons, and the more fortunate who had brought tents with them put them into use, while they all set to work with a will to prepare the ground for the first crop it was to bear. This was thought to be more important than to erect houses, for it was necessary to make preparations for the winter which they knew was to come. It was well into the summer months before there was any work done on the houses, and then, since they had secured no title to the land, it was deemed wise to build only such structures as would serve to protect them from the weather, until someone could be sent to the land office to get a patent to the land; so they put up two log houses—crude affairs but made to afford the best shelter and as tight and warm as possible. These were divided into rooms so as to accommodate the entire party, and thus they prepared to spend the winter.

CHAPTER IX.

The first summer passed amid so much to occupy them all that there was little thought of being lonesome. Most of the Indians had gone north to battle with their hereditary enemy, the Chippewas, but with the coming of fall, an occasional warrior would be seen returning from the chase, or the field of battle.

These seldom stopped at the little settlement but would ride up to some high point overlooking the place, and ride away. Had the settlers known anything of Indian ways, they would have realized that this refusal to enter their camp boded no good to them. But winter came, and nothing occurred to create suspicion or cause fear; infact they were all congratulating themselves on the blessings they were receiving in the way of a good harvest and good health.

It was a bitter cold night in January. Snow had fallen and lay loose on the ground. The party was quartered in the two log houses, when fire broke out destroying both, and the inhabitants were thankful that they were able to save most of their household effects.

The only thing to do was to go to the shelter provided for the stock, and there they spent the remainder of the night.

As soon as it was daylight Mr. Schmidt thought the best thing to do was to send to Ft. Ridgely, to

see if shelter could not be provided for them until spring. On the way over, just as they crossed the reservation line, the party came to a camp of Indian tepees. The camp was deserted, apparently, for no smoke could be seen issuing from any of the twenty tents.

With considerable caution, the party examined all of the tents, growing bolder as they failed to find evidence of recent habitation.

The snow had drifted in and about the tepees until some of them were quite filled, and there was no doubt but that the place had been deserted for sometime. As they were finishing the investigation they were attracted by what appeared to be the feet of a man protruding from beneath a bank of snow. He was uncovered and appeared thin and haggard like one who had starved to death; but they left him where they found him until such a time as he could be given decent burial.

Instead of keeping on to the fort, the men returned to their party and informed them of the find, and it was decided to occupy the tents or tepees until they could build new houses; so the tepees necessary to house the party were appropriated and made as comfortable as possible, for they were evidently built for winter and a very little fire was sufficient to keep them quite warm.

Towards spring the usurpers were surprised to see their quondam friend of the previous year come walking into camp. He looked displeased and made straight for Mr. Schmidt.

"Huh," he said, using the Indian grunt. "You

people don't seem to be satisfied with taking the land from the Indians, as you can get it, but you must steal their homes."

"Good morning, Joe," said Mr. Schmidt with a smile. "We are all glad to see you. Has anybody been complaining about our being here?"

"How did you get into these tents?" was his abrupt reply.

"Well, you see we were burned out—both houses burned to the ground, and were on our way to the fort when we discovered these tents. There was no person here to forbid us so we just made ourselves comfortable."

"That's all right till the owners come and then there will be trouble."

"Who are the owners of all these tents, do you know?"

"Yes, I know. They belong to Ea-to-ka. He and his band have gone to the agency to get provisions, and I reckon they are snowbound. Didn't you find any here at all?"

"Yes, we found a dead man—starved to death in yonder tent."

"Let me see him."

The trapper was taken to the tepee where lay the dead Indian, and one glance was sufficient to tell him what the trouble was.

"Small pox!" he exclaimed, and hurried rapidly away, leaving the frightened men to their own thoughts.

It was decided best not to alarm the women by this new fear, and, as they could do no better, remain

where they were until they had their new homes finished. Much of the material for them had been prepared, in the way of cutting logs; and all of the party were in good health, so contagion from small pox, if indeed it was that, was hardly probable.

"Mr. Schmidt," said Henry, one evening when he was present in the tepee with the family, "I have been thinking that Joe is right. Don't you think we are in a very dangerous position here?"

"It is not the safest, I'll admit; but how are we to help ourselves?"

"I have read how the people in the early days built stockades they could run to in times of danger. If we were attacked, we would all be killed without half a chance."

"That is a good suggestion Heinrich, and in the morning we will start to work on it. Strange no one thought of it before, but then we expect to move in a short time and there doesn't appear to be any real danger."

"I think you men are bigger cowards than we women," said Katherine with a laugh. I don't believe there are any dangerous Indians in the country, do you, Nell?"

"Yes, I do. You all may be older than I, but I believe in being safe. I've shivered for fear ever since I've been in these tents."

"Cold, you mean," said Heinrich.

"No, sir. I heard what that man said about these tepees belonging to the Indians and I know if they were mine and I came home and found strangers in

them there would be something doing right away at least there would be a howl."

"Nell, you are nearly always right, but I don't think you need lose any sleep over it. We'll build a block house and be prepared for them if they show fight, but, of course, if they want their tepees we'll have to give them up."

It took only a few days to build a very pretentious looking block-house, rudely made, to be sure, but strong and capable of being made quite comfortable.

One morning before the breaking up of winter, a band of Indians came swooping over the hill and circled about the village of tepees. At the first alarm, the settlers rushed to the block-house, without considering what they were leaving; so terrified were they by the first savage yell that had grated upon their ears.

The Indians appeared to be very angry, but were afraid to approach too close to the block-house and so could not get into their tepees. It was impossible for the settlers to make themselves known and it began to look as though the affair would come to an unhappy issue, when LaFrambois was seen coming over the hill, as rapidly as his horse could carry him.

He came straight to the door of the stockade and, finding that no harm had been done, he inquired of the Indian chief what he wanted in the white man's house.

"Ea-to-ka wants only what belongs to him and his warriors. Tell the white man he must get out, or we will kill them all

This information was transmitted to the settlers who readily agreed to leave, but they wanted to know if they might not pay something for the time they had occupied the tepees. This was finally agreed to after a long debate, and through the intercession of LaFrambois the band finally departed.

"You are safe," said the trapper, "but you had a close call. There will be trouble some of these days between you settlers and the Indians, and I don't want to be around when it is going on."

"What makes you think so, Joe?" inquired one of the men.

"Well, the buffaloes are getting scarce, and the deer are being driven out of the land so what are the poor devils going to live on? They see it as well as I do, and unless the government takes mighty good care of them, they are going to make trouble for everybody."

"Can't they be made to work farms?"

"Just as soon think of taming a herd of buffalo as an Indian. It can't be done."

"Don't some of the Indians have farms, Joe?"

"Yes, some of them have farms that the government has put fine brick buildings on, and they raise some fair crops, but what does that count for? They don't do it because they want to; it is because they have to, and they are as unreliable as one of these cussed ponies. If there is ever an uprising of the varmints, civilization or friendship won't count for anything with them. They will be just as wild as they were when my father came among them more than thirty years ago."

"They are peaceable enough now?"

"Well, that's just how you look at it. They are not fools—don't happen to have any chewing tobacco about you, do you? Been some time since I have had anything as good as this—No, as I was saying, Indians are no fools; they know the whites are crowding them off the earth. I was at the treaty a few years ago down the river at the Sioux crossing, when the Indians sold their land, and I tell you they are not being treated right."

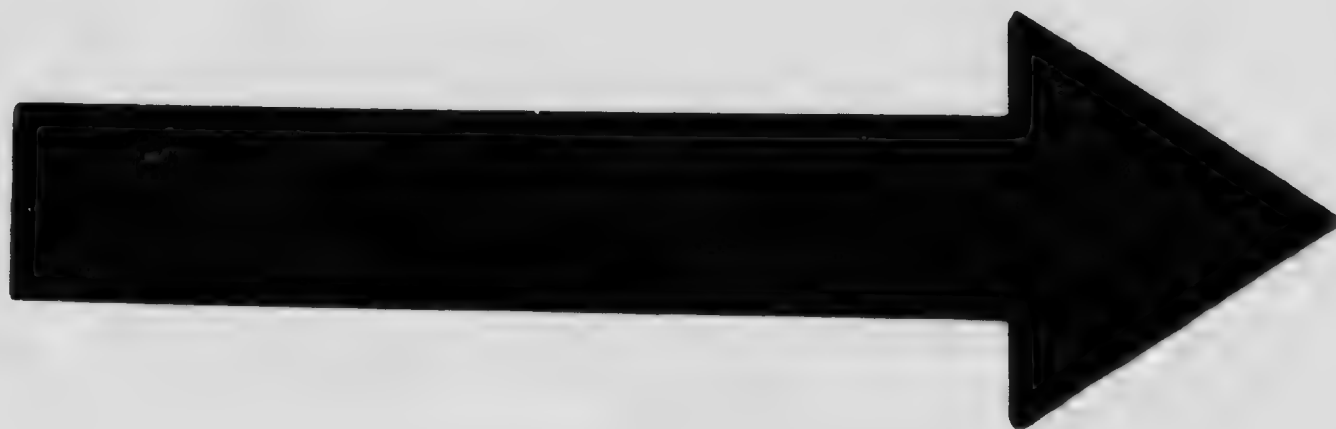
"Come in, Joe, and tell us about it."

The trapper went into the tent, and related the history of the treaty. He told how the Indians had been promised five hundred and fifty thousand dollars for all the land except a strip ten miles wide each side of the river, beginning close to where the settlers were camped and extending to the head of the river. Now, they want know what has become of that money.

"Every white man knows that they have been on the reservation several years, now, and have not seen a cent of it. They were to get three hundred thousand dollars cash, and fifty thousand dollars a year for fifty years.

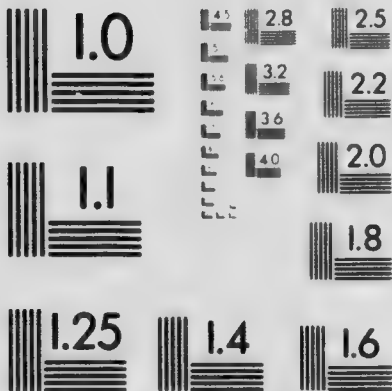
"Their land has been taken from them, and the white people are coming in on it so fast that all the game is being driven away. Most of the money sent out here by the government has been used by the agents and traders.

"There was a fellow by the name of Tyler who was to do the paying, but he charged the Indians such a big fee for distributing the money, that they



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1001 10th Ave. West
Rochester, New York 14614
716 482-1300 Phone
716 288-5989 Fax

didn't get enough to buy provisions to last for one year.

"According to agreement," Said LaFrambois, he was to give the money to the head chiefs and they were to distribute it, but he didn't do this; he just divided it out to suit himself. I was down to see Governor Ramsey about it myself, and he told me Mr. Tyler had charge of it and he could do nothing. It's not right."

"No, it's not right; I agree with you," Said Mr. Schmidt.

"Indians don't know the value of money; its all scraps of paper to them; and they are being cheated and robbed on all sides. I tell you, it won't last always and I fear for the people when they get these Indians too crowded."

"You say we are located on the reservation, do you know where the line is?"

"Yes, it cuts through here somewhere; I reckon these tepees must be on Indian ground, they would be careful about that."

"Do you suppose the Indians will come back to claim these tepees before spring?"

"You don't need to have any fear about that. There is small pox here, and I advise you people to get out before it gets warm, or you may all be in the same fix as the fellow in yonder tepee. My house is over on the far side of the river. You can see it if you go up stream a piece; at any time you need me, just holler."

"If you are going, Joe, take this piece of tobacco with you, and be sure that we will call on you at

the first opportunity. We are fortunate in having a friend like you in this strange country."

As soon as the trapper was seen to leave the camp, there was a general rush for Mr. Schmidt's to find out what was going on. All were anxious to know if they were to be turned out into the woods. None of them seemed to appreciate the danger of being murdered.

CHAPTER XI.

The excitement of being in a new country with strange and different surroundings, gradually wore off with the first year's residence, and the beginning of the second spring saw a new purpose in the eyes of the settlers. They began to realize that something had to be done to provide permanent homes for their families and they hailed with joy a surveyor who had been sent out to divide the land recently opened for settlement.

The president of the Chicago society, had sent word that enough land was to be secured for a large city, and the lots given to members of the society in return for the money each had contributed toward founding the society.

But while this was being done, a party of men came into the settlement. They were Germans and claimed to have been sent out from Cincinnati to locate a settlement similar to the one from Chicago.

Information soon traveled to all, that there were visitors in the settlement and the entire populace was out to welcome them. It was a rare treat to get word from the outside world.

John Zittel was among the strangers, and the familiar name at once attracted the attention of Mr. Schmidt, who soon convinced himself that this was the same Zittel who had come over from the old country with him, many years before. There was mu-

tual rejoicing over this discovery, and Mr. Schmidt hastened to invite his old friend over to his house.

"My wife will be as delighted to see you," said he, "as I am; and say, you must know that your son is here!"

"You say Heinrich is here? How does that come? The last time we heard from him he was in Chicago. That's it. I see, now. He was staying with you while he was there. He's not in this company, is he?"

"I left him over at my house. We will go there if you like?"

"It was a very happy circumstance; out in the loneliness of a strange land, this meeting of father and son, separated for more than two years; and the friends of childhood who had not met for nearly twenty years.

"Why can't you stay with us, John?" said Mr. Schmidt. "I believe we are going to have here the ideal spot we dreamed of in the mountains of Bavaria. It looks pretty rough now, but we are going to have things very much our own way for a good many years."

"That is just what I would like to do, but the difficulty is here: you see I have all my money in this other company. It isn't much, to be sure, but when it is all a man has, it is a good deal. You see we were sent out by this company to see if, anywhere on the continent, there was a place so far removed from the tyranny of religion, that we might live in the freedom we covet. You remember we talked of that on the way over, and I take it you have not changed; and how we wanted our beer and other

pleasures that these religious sects are so bitterly opposed to. They are getting intolerable in our old home—you know where it is; it's where we both stopped when we first came to this country."

"That," replied Mr. Schmidt, "is just why we are here—that, and because of labor troubles and hard times. I believe if the proper influences are brought to bear, we can consolidate these two enterprises and both of them will be better off for it. There is land enough, and we are all Germans, with the same purpose. What do you say, shall we propose it in the morning?"

"Nothing would please me better, and I am sure there will be no opposition."

So there was created The German Land Association, and before the close of the year, a settlement of considerable importance grew up on the border of the reservation which kindled the jealousy of the Indians.

The new settlement was named New Ulm, after old Ulm, in Germany, from which place many of the settlers had come. The uniting of the societies gave strength to the settlement and furnished men enough to repel quite an invasion of the Indians, should they grow bold enough to attempt such a thing.

Across the plains on foot and in wagons, and up the stream in steam boats, came Germans to settle in the new colony. All were Germans; no other nationality was encouraged. Poor, but honest and industrious, and fired with a zeal to create for themselves homes of their own. Tradesmen, artisans, laborers, and men of culture and education, all seeking the same end: freedom of thought.

The only exception was Nell Griswold, and she had applied herself to the study of the language from the first; until she had become so proficient as to be reckoned as one of them, and when a school was started she was chosen to teach the children both German and English.

This peculiar condition, coupled with the other and greater incentive for organizing the colony, that of excluding religions of all kinds, made the place distinct in purpose from any other in the United States.

All attempts made to establish religious services by the missionaries sent to the Indians, were not only discouraged, but those who came were given to understand that they were interfering with what did concern them.

In laying out the city, large tracts of timber land in the heart of the settlement were left for parks, and here the dream of John Zittel was realized in the creation of a large beer garden, in the construction of which he was the chief factor.

It became the central place of amusement for the young people, and about the tables, at all hours of the day and even late into the night, could be seen men and women of all ages sipping their beer and gossiping.

An orchestra, composed of several of the young musicians of the city, under the leadership of Henry Zittel, furnished music in the evenings. Once a week the dance hall in connection with the saloon, was opened and the people allowed to enjoy themselves to the height of their ambition.

There were no castes to society; no factions came in to mar the harmony of the gatherings. Equality was the motto of the community and the common tie of mutual dependence made them all kin. The law of human kinship was the great law which they all obeyed, and they were satisfied to seek no other.

CHAPTER XII.

Henry Zittel had located a claim not far from the tract laid out for the city, and also adjoining that selected by Mr. Schmidt. Upon it he had put up a log house, having two rooms. Here he lived, taking his meals with his parents, who also had a farm nearby.

By means of trading, he had come into possession of a pair of oxen and a team of ponies; and was looking forward to the time when he might ask Katherine to become his wife.

He had pondered much over this question, and had made up his mind to wed before the year closed, providing, of course, that the young lady would consent. This important fact no one shared with him; but many suspected from the preparations he was making, that something of the kind was in his mind.

No house in the settlement had a neater yard, and very few of the homes in the little village, over which Mr. Schmidt had become mayor, had a better appearance. Heinrich was a thrifty lad, and by shrewd dealings with the Indians and with the soldiers at the fort, was able to add to his possessions some cows and chickens.

This gave him a good start, and in a short time he was able to supply the people of the city with milk and eggs, driving to and from the farm in a rude wagon, the wheels of which were made from sections sawed from a large log. To this rig he al-

ways attached his ponies. Crude as the turnout was it was the first vehicle in the city, and for some time was the envy of most of the men in the settlement.

During the summer, with the immigration that came into the place, came the mother of Mrs. Zittel, an old lady, whose husband had recently died, and, having no home in the old country, she was persuaded to cross the Atlantic. She soon became familiar to all and a friend to everybody, and particularly to her grandson, Heinrich, whom she thought of as being the salt of the earth.

Driving around to his father's house one morning when he was sure that all would be away except his grandmother, he stopped and knocked at the door.

"It's only me, Granny," he said, as he turned red and sheepishly shifted his suspenders into place, and stood on one foot.

"No need of telling me that, Heinrich; there is not anybody in the settlement but you that knocks as if they wanted to break the door in. I reckon you don't know how strong you are. You have come to be larger than your father. You look as if there was something ailing you; are you sick?"

"Don't you think I'm as much a man now as I ever will be?" said the big fellow, surveying his large hands and his heavily shod feet and straightening up to the full measure of his stature.

"La me, yes, in size, and years, too, for that matter. How old are you, Heinrich, past twenty-one aren't you.

"Yes, Granny, almost twenty-five. And I have the best farm and the best prospects of any."

"Why ain't you out in the field doing your fall plowing? You have your crop off, haven't you? I'll declare I believe you are getting shiftless."

"I came in to have a talk with you, all by yourself, Granny. The folks are all away, and Joe is out tending the cattle. You see, Granny, I want to get married."

"La me, you don't say! A young fellow like you; well!"

A curious smile came over the face of the old lady and she coughed violently; then with pretended indifference said: "Well, that isn't strange; most boys of your age, if they are sensible, want to get married some time in their lives."

"But I want to get married before fall; pretty soon. That is, if I can get some girl to have me."

"That don't surprise me, either; most young folks are in a hurry to get into something they don't know anything about and then they wish they were well out of it."

A deep flush spread over Henry's face as he said: "I've been thinking of it for a long time, so has she."

"She! Petra Adams, I reckon?"

"You know better than that; Petra's a good girl but she's not the only one. What made you think of her, Granny? Have the folks been talking to you about her?"

"Your parents are set on having you marry Petra when you do marry. I reckon they are not counting on you marrying for some time. She's a good girl to work. I reckon there ain't many in these parts that's

better, and she has saved up enough money to provide a good dowery; so she's all right, and your parents think a heap of her."

"Her own work! What do I care for what she has made or for her dowery?"

"Well, I don't know about that! You know, Heinrich, a good working wife is a good thing on a farm. There's where the money is saved, and people do say that she has some property coming to her, and that wouldn't be the worst thing that could happen, if you should get it."

"Property? Her father's only got a few acres in the company; and they are mostly town lots, too sandy for anything but to put houses on, and there's four or five children to take them, when the old folks die, which won't be for many years. You know that as well as I do."

"There'll be a lot a piece at any rate and, if it is good for nothing else, it would make a good chicken yard, wouldn't it?" She turned around to hide a smile as she bent closer over the stocking she was knitting.

"Not all the lots in the city and Petra thrown in," he answered savagely.

"Why, Heinrich, there isn't a smarter girl among the Turners, nor one more to your own way of thinking. There's Nell; she's smart enough and good looking, but she is the only one in the place who is not a Turner and is a believer. No, Heinrich, there's not a more likely girl in the settlement, to my mind, than Petra."

"Nor one with a narrower soul. She looks most

of the time as though she had lost all of her friends, Granny. I don't believe she tries to be happy. You know that as well as I do. She isn't to be compared with Katherine, now come, do you think she is?"

"O, well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world, but Petra's a good girl, and she has more admirers than any other."

"What's the use of talking that way, Granny? Blame it all, I thought you would help me, that is why I came to you. I won't ever marry Petra, not if she's the last girl on earth."

He sighed and thrust his hands once more deep into his pockets; and with an expression on his face that made the old lady regard him, turned toward the window.

"I haven't said I wouldn't help you, Heinrich. Let me tell you something. The other day when I was coming home from attending a meeting at the hall, Petra was walking in front of me with another young girl——"

"Was it Katherine, Granny?" broke in the impetuous youth.

"There are other girls here besides Katherine, aren't there? As I was saying, they were talking of going somewhere. Petra said, so sad like, it sounded as if she was about to cry, 'I just know it'll cloud up and rain tomorrow when we want to go to the fort. Oh, dear!' And the other girl said, with her lips smiling and her bright eyes full of laughter——"

"Then it was Katherine sure, Granny! I know it was."

"And what if it was Katherine? There are other

girls besides her with smiling faces. She just says, 'And what if it does, Petra. We can't have all sunshine, besides the crops need the rain and the clouds. This is as pretty a day as you ever saw; let's enjoy it. What if it does rain tomorrow, there are other days to go to the fort.' But Petra's face wouldn't brighten; she just looked as the sky does when the sun hasn't been seen for a week. I just said to myself, and that's the girl they want our Heinrich to marry. My land! I wouldn't have him marry any girl that lives on the north side of life like that, not if she had a whole farm coming to her, though a farm is nigh enough to make any girl handsome and good-natured."

"That's right, Granny. I knew you would take my part. You know Francis Roebel; since he's been here he seems to think that no other person has a right to call on Katherine but him, and I really believe he thinks he's the same as engaged to her. He doesn't speak to me any more. Hasn't spoken for a month."

"Had a quarrel, I reckon? I was sure he got the best of you, when you traded guns with him; but it seems to me you are the one to get mad and not him. He's smart, though."

"O, you know it ain't the gun, Granny; we've never said anything about it. Anyway he came over where Katherine was working the other day at the mill-house on the farm, pretending he was thirsty, and said in a meaning sort of way: 'Don't you think, Katherine, it would be 'ust the thing for you and me to get married and live in town and have some style

to us?' 'I don't want to get married,' she said, 'and I don't want to live in town, either. I can't churn this butter with you standing around doing nothing,' so he says: 'Well Katherine, let me do the churning.' 'All right,' she says, and when he got started, she shuts the door and locks it, to, and goes to the house. After a while she went back and there he was, covered from head to foot with milk, but he had fetched the butter; and, now, he swears by all that's holy that he will marry the girl just for spite."

"Well, Heinrich, Francis is a likely fellow and well off and would make a good man for her. I have never heard anything against him, except that he wants to be at the head of everything. I think Katherine would be doing the worst thing she could to let the chance slip by."

"But, Granny, she says she don't like him," said the alarmed boy, giving his trousers a hitch and again thrusting his hands into his pockets.

"O, fie on that, Heinrich! If I was a young girl and had a chance to get a good man with property, I'd get in love quick enough. This loving is easy to cultivate when the soil is good."

"But, Granny she loves me and I love her and we're going to get married right away. I've got the house in good shape and when her folks move to town, we have planned to go there to live."

"If you've got all your plans settled, what did you come to me for? Seems to me everything is cut and dried."

"But it ain't all settled, Granny. You see pa and are bound to make a fuss, and I just thought maybe

you would help me out, so I drove around this morning."

"You are young, Heinrich, and so is Katherine, but your prandpa and I were young when we were married, but we didn't rush matters so. He fixed up his house and I made up my chest of linen, weaving and spinning and making rag carpets, and all the time we were so happy; I don't know as I have been quite so happy since. You are young and so is Katherine, but you both have heaps of experience. I reckon I'll have to help you, providing there won't be any quarreling among you." And the old lady cast a swift glance at the youthful pleader.

"There won't be, Granny, nobody could quarrel with Katherine."

The young fellow crossed over to the old lady, pressed a kiss on her cheek and then left to take up the work of the in his field.

CHAPTER XIII.

The old lady went to the door and watched the form of her grandson until it passed out of view over the hill to his farm,

"It hasn't been but a little time," she mused, "since Heinrich wore long clothes and all I had to do was to keep him from crying. That was away back in the old country. How the time flies! It was early in the spring when John and I were married. How happy we were. We had a new house, too, but John was poor; I was a bride then and O so happy. It comes to me now—the fragrance of the orchard and the singing of the birds. I remember the morning we were married, John went to the door and called to me: 'Come here, Emma, and see the beauty of the orchard; isn't it sweet? We're poor, awfully poor, but I reckon the richest can't afford to let his wife have perfumery like I can.' Then he caught me in his arms and said: 'There's a bee looking for honey, now I am certain he thinks you are an apple blossom, and I say you do look like one, all pink and white.' And all I could say was, 'Oh, John!' Those were happy, happy days; but they are gone. The bloom has left my cheeks, just as it left the orchard, and I'm an old, worn out-woman. I'd like to see John, my John, for I know he's waiting for me. I am past seventy now, so it won't be long."

Tears were standing in her eyes, which she dried

with the corner of her apron. Then a smile crossed her face as she said to herself: "I'm going to do the best I can for Heinrich and Katherine; I hope they will be as happy as John and I were and I believe they will be."

Her daughter returning from the field heard her singing a familiar German song and she remarked: "Mother is the happiest old lady I have ever seen. I wonder what makes it. She seems happier today than ever before."

There was some opposition to the marriage but this gave way in the course of time, and grandmother volunteered to supply what cash was needed, which she resurrected from an old stocking, so the store had quite a surprise when it received money, in place of orders, for the goods purchased.

Arrangements completed, the house furnished and the day at hand, William Pfaender, a tall, thin justice of the peace, was called in to perform the marriage ceremony. Several cases of beer arrived from St. Paul, and after the ceremony there was dancing and a very merry time, until well into the morning. Henry furnished the music for the dance and his bride saw that none of the glasses remained empty for any great length of time.

As he watched Katherine passing from guest to guest full of youth and life, and to him by far the handsomest person in the room, he felt that he was the richest man in the place. That was at the wedding party; but when he saw her working in her own little home, he was sure that he was the richest and happiest man on earth.

Still he could not get rid of the feeling that there was something lacking; he felt this all day, as he went about his work. They had not planned for a wedding trip that was it. It worried him; his cheery whistle no longer broke the stillness of the field, and a song that struggled to find utterance from his lips was dead. Finally his face brightened, his brow cleared, his hat was thrown high in the air and a whoop, such as he had heard the Indians give, frightened the animals and sent them scampering wildly away. He had decided what to do.

That day he gave the wheels of his wagon a new coat of paint and washed all the stains from the box. The next morning he sleeked the ponies up as they never had been before and, when he was ready to go to the city with the milk, he said to his wife: "Katherine, put on your wedding-clothes as quickly as you can, and I will get into the best that I have. We're going somewhere."

The girl looked at him in astonishment; but dropped her work and did as he wanted her to, and was in a short time arrayed as she was on her wedding day.

"What are we going to do, Heinrich?" she asked timidly.

"Going on a wedding trip," he replied, triumphantly, helping her into the wagon.

As they passed the home of the Zittels, grandmother was at the door. She saw them and waved her apron at them. Just as the golden sun was coming up over the hill they drove into the city. There was little need of a driver for the horses. They knew

where they were expected to go. The wagon jolted along slowly. Meadow larks filled the air with their music and the drooning of the prairie chickens as they called to their mates was lost to these two; all the world was but themselves, and they were all the world to each other. Ah, how happy they were, these two—nobody better than they and nobody poorer. They lived when happiness had no comparison with the misery of others, and the gate of opportunity had not closed on the ambitious.

After the milk was delivered, they were served with a tasteless breakfast at the hotel; but under the glamor of the public house, and the inspiration of a wedding trip, it was to them like a feast fit for the gods.

Then they drove back to the farm. It was still early. The newly-mated prairie chickens drooned their monotonous calls; the meadow larks had not ceased their morning songs; the sun was shining brightly and Katherine sang from pure happiness.

"I'm ever so thankful for this wedding-trip, Heinrich," she said; "it's the best—that is I mean it is the only one I ever had, and it was such a great surprise." She slipped her hand into his as they stood at the door of their home.

For a moment he looked into her face, and then gathered her in his arms. His eyes filled with tears.

"Why are you crying, Heinrich?" she asked anxiously.

"Just happy, my dear," he said; "I'll always be good to you, always," and then went out in the field to his work.

Such was the simple, earnest character of the men and women. They had only each other and themselves, and beyond the confines of their own settlement reached an unsettled wilderness, on all sides. The world was shut out, and to live meant to be all that mutual interests demanded. In fact, the realization of the dream of the colonists was about completed.

Strong, vigorous, simple, honest, and industrious, they were happy in the possession of their own rights, and were contented to remain unimpressed by state laws or outside interference. So time passed until the memorable winter of the great blizzard.

CHAPTER XIV.

The community had settled down to the confidence and certainty of the events of life in their new home; things that had seemed strange and startling to them at the beginning, were now considered as events of every-day life.

The winter time had always been to them a season of dread, for the snow had often covered the earth to the depth of several feet, and it was rare, indeed, when there was not enough to afford the best of sledding; but this year very little had fallen, at best, there was not sufficient to warrant the use of sleds. It had been cold; excessively so, and the people were all looking forward to a time when it would moderate, which time seemed to have arrived, for it had grown decidedly warmer, and from below-zero weather, it suddenly began to thaw. This lasted for a day or so, when it suddenly changed and a fine snow filled the air.

All day long it fell, quietly, like the chaff that falls from the stacker of a threshing machine. Soft as the down of a young goose, it clothed the earth in a garment of pure white. It festooned the trees and gave them ghost-like shapes, and melting on the housetops dripped from the eaves until long icicles were formed, that cintillated the light from the evening candles like huge diamond spears made to guard the portals of Paradise.

Nor did it stop with the darkness of night. The chores were done; the animals in the barn were securely fastened and warmly housed. Stillness, unbroken by any sound, save now and then the grating of a mass of snow, as it slid from the roof of the house to the ground, reigned supreme.

Men stamped the snow from their shoes as they came into the public places, and greeted each other with the remark: "It's going to be a heavy fall of snow," and yet not more than six inches had fallen.

One said, "The sleighing will be good tomorrow, I guess I will start for St. Paul." Another said, "I will haul hay tomorrow; it will be much easier than with a wagon." none of them dreamed that they were to experience something worse than they had ever before seen.

Those who were last to leave the hall said to each other, as they parted; "The wind seems to be rising, and I believe it is colder." But even to them there was no intimation of the storm that was upon them.

Morning came and with it the wind—not heavy at first, but enough to take the snow, that filled the air and carry it in little eddies that appeared like whirlwinds of dust on a summer day. All morning this continued, but, unmindful of it, some of the men started out on trips that were to take them far from their homes. In the little school house that had been built in the valley just out of the city, Nell Griswold and a few of her scholars took up the work of the day.

Cattle and other animals, keener of instinct than

man, huddled in groups in some sheltered place, refusing to get out in the open fields.

The cold increased.

The wind began to moan and sigh as it sucked through the angles of the roofs; and the trees, stripped by it of their white garments, hissed as they bent under the wild fury of the impending tempest.

Houses in the near distance became indistinct.

One man sent his boy out to the barn to see if the doors were closed. It was only a few rods, He was lost in going the short distance. After wandering about for some time, he fell against the door of the house, both feet frozen stiff and his face in a fearful condition.

Before night it was impossible to see objects two feet away. The air was frozen into one mass of seething, pelting, blinding snow.

It sifted through the smallest cracks in the houses; it came in under the outside doors until miniature drifts, defying the heat of the stoves, were formed; it penetrated the casings about the windows and sifting through the over-lapping shingles of the roof, it covered the beds in the upper rooms. Men and women sat with troubled faces about the stoves, and ever and anon, those who had children at the school house would go to the window and, peering into the snow shroud that enveloped everything, would say: "I do hope the children will have sense enough not to try to come home. They wouldn't live two minutes in this storm."

Then night came; and such a night.

Men dared not venture out to feed their stock;

and those who did were afterward found dead—in some cases half a mile or more in a direction opposite to the one they should have taken.

Man lost all idea of distance or direction, and confusion deranged his faculties as soon as he stepped from the door.

Fear brooded in all hearts and terror, lending swift wings to the imagination, pictured calamity in its direst form.

At the school house, Nell and the few children had entered on their day's work; but the increasing storm alarmed the young teacher, and she prepared to leave for the nearest house, half a mile distant.

She had covered only about half the distance when she saw that the little ones would be unable to go farther. Her own strength was failing, and utterly bewildered, she stood for a moment trying to decide what to do. The children were beginning to shiver with the cold.

There was but one thing to do and that was to go back; but when she tried to locate the direction of the school house she found she was lost.

Then, almost tramping on the little group, a man appeared riding on a horse. By a great effort she managed to attract his attention. It was an Indian, but he came to her side.

"What white girl doing here?" the astonished Indian inquired.

"We are lost; we are freezing. Can't you help us to shelter?" she said.

"Where shelter?" asked the Indian.

"Back to the school house, if we can find it."

"Indian find school house. Follow Indian."

He took a rope from the saddle and tied the children to it and, giving the end to the teacher started in a contrary direction to the route she would have indicated.

In a very short space of time, they were back in the building. The Indian brought in a quantity of fuel.

"Storm two, three days. White girl stay here. Plenty wood. Plenty water. Black Eagle must go. Maybe come back."

"It's an awful storm, Black Eagle, and the children are getting hungry; don't you think you can tell them to get us out of here?"

"Indian leave meat. All Indian got," and he gave her a quantity of game. "Now white girl cook meat when hungry. Indian go."

"But our folks, Black Eagle, will you tell them?"

"No; Indian go to friend across river. White folks come when storm stop. White girl all right. stay here all right. No storm tomorrow."

Taking a bright scarf from her neck, she gave it to the Indian knowing that he would appreciate it more than thanks or money. "Take it," she said, "you will freeze your face. You shouldn't go out in this storm."

"White girl heap good. Indian never forget. Go now."

With this parting salutation, he disappeared into the storm and succeeded in getting to the home of LaFrambois, where he received a cordial welcome.

After the trapper had prepared for him and his

beast and set a warm meal before him, he asked him in Sioux where he got the scarf, for it was finer than those he had seen the Indians have at any other time.

"Oh," said he, "pretty white girl. Black Eagle would marry white squaw."

"So you have fallen in love, have you; you rascal?"

"Black Eagle isn't old. Black Eagle is rich and will ask white chief for daughter."

"Who is she, Black Eagle?"

"Don't know."

"A pretty lover you are. Don't know the name of the girl you want to marry."

"Find out when time comes."

"Where does she live?"

"White girl school teacher."

"So! that's it, is it? Well, if it will afford you any satisfaction to know it, she has no parents here. You will have to ask her."

"Then Black Eagle ask her. Black Eagle great warrior. He not afraid."

A smile on the face of the trapper caught the eye of the Indian, who rose and stretched himself.

"Enough said," he replied, Black Eagle very hungry."

LaFrambois knew it was useless to attempt to get him to say more on the subject, or to try to dissuade him from his purpose; but he ventured to remark that it would be impossible for him to succeed. The Indian did not reply and appeared not to have heard. He was given his supper and a place to sleep.

for the trapper had a warm spot in his heart for all the Indians and was free to give them all he had that would benefit them, and his house was as familiar to them as their own tepees.

Meanwhile the storm continued to lash the earth with its fury, and the weary hours of the night seemed endless in their duration. When morning broke, the wind was spent, and the sun appeared, circled about with the brilliant hues of the northern sun dogs.

The cold was intense; and in every direction there was nothing to be seen but billows of snow, piled high about the houses; so that in many cases it was necessary to make tunnels through it to get to different places. Even in the streets of the city, tunnels were made between places of business, for it was impossible to have it carted away.

The first concern of those who had children at the school house was to get to them, and a number of men were soon on the way. As soon as they came in sight of the building and saw smoke issuing from the chimney, their fears were quieted, and the children were soon at home, but little the worse for their night's experience.

The blizzard left its effects on the entire community. Much stock suffered; some by being frozen and more by suffocation from the snow, but worst of all, many boys and men who had ventured out, just to get wood or water, never returned and the melting snow in the late spring revealed their bodies, in most cases within a short distance of their homes, and for the first time sorrow reigned in the city of New Ulm.

CHAPTER XV.

During the years that were passing, people flocked to the prairies of the west. It became the mecca of all—the great stage of a world theatre, on which was to be played, in dread reality, a tragedy having no parallel in the history of the nation.

The people of the city of New Ulm had prospered. Their fields had yielded an abundance, without a single failure, to the industry of the husbandman; and the log houses had, in most cases, given place to more pretentious structures.

A brewery supplied the people with their favorite beverage, and later a man arrived with much capital and commenced the erection of a distillery. He brought the first style, in men's wearing apparel, to the city, being conspicuous for his white vest and high silk hat.

He interested the farmers in the project, realizing that if they took no interest in it and failed to raise rye, there would be no use in operating at all; in this way he disposed of a large amount of stock, and opened in a large way, expecting to sell quantities of the stuff to the Indians, in which he was in a degree successful. He became the god of a large number of the Sioux, who regularly turned over to him large portions of their annuities, in violation of the orders of the government.

There was no man like the owner. Time after

time, the Indian agent had warned the people and also had cautioned the owner of the care necessary to keep the Indians from drinking; and explained to them that if ever they attempted to harm the settlers it would be when they were drunk from the whiskey they would get from the distillery.

But the Indians usually had money when the other people found it scarce, and money, then as now, could buy most anything.

CHAPTER XVI.

Nell had grown to be a handsome young woman—a thorough girl of the plains. She loved the excitement of a chase after the big game that was to be found on the prairies, and could handle a rifle with a dexterity that few men possessed.

She had started out in the pursuit of game, as he had often done, one morning, and had followed the chase farther than usual. Unmindful of the distance she had covered, she had crossed the line that marked the boundary of the reservation, when she was suprised to see before her the Indian chief, Black Eagle.

It was the first time she had seen him since the time he so providentially came to her aid in the blizzard, and her first thought on meeting him was to tell him that she had not forgotten what he had done for her, and to assure him of her esteem, for the girl had no fear of Indians.

He was a magnificent specimen of the Sioux brave, and he showed off to splendid advantage as he sat on his horse, and, as he rode up to the young lady, the gallantry he displayed could not have a better imitation in any of the whites.

"How," he said.

"Why, Black Eagle, is that you? I am glad to see you."

"Black Eagle been waiting long for white girl.

Come see Black Eagle's home. Home not far."

Thinking to humor him, she rode by his side until they came to a neat brick house, but recently built and partly furnished; for the crafty Sioux had manifested his desire to the government that he wanted to become a farmer, and it had fitted him out as it had many others.

"There home," he said. "All mine. Black Eagle want squaw."

"Haven't you a squaw?" asked the girl beginning to wish that she had not been so venturesome. "There must be many of the squaws that would like you for a warrior?"

"No; Black Eagle's house is lonesome. He waits for white squaw."

"Would he marry white squaw?"

"Do anything for white squaw."

"Who would he marry? Does Black Eagle love some white girl?"

"Yes; that it. Marry school teacher."

"School teacher!" she exclaimed, the full meaning of it all dawning upon her.

The absurdity of the idea caused her to smile, and the Indian was quick to see it. The danger of the situation did not cross her mind, but the Indian did not reply at once and she asked him if he was sure it was the school teacher.

"Saved school teacher's life; now want her for squaw." There was a look in his eye that made the girl fear he was determined to carry out his wishes.

No, no! that can never be. I know you saved my life, and I owe you a great deal, more than I can

ever pay; but I can't marry you. White people marry only their own race and those they love, and I am not of your race and do not know your ways, and I do not love you. Go to your tribe and find some Indian maiden who will love you and fill your house full of sunshine, who talks your language and knows your ways. There are many who would be glad to have you for a warrior. Are you not a great chief?"

"Black Eagle has spoken. White girl must be his squaw." He dismounted, and before the girl was aware of his purpose, he caught her from the saddle and struck the horse, sending it riderless out toward the plains.

He then forced the frightened girl to enter his house. There he sat her upon a box of crackers, and once more tried to persuade her to consent to marry him.

All the horrible stories she had ever read of torture and scalping, came up before her. He tied her arms behind her and locking the door, left her alone, returning after a short time with a young Indian girl whom he introduced as his sister. This made the situation, more endurable, and though the girl could speak but few words of English, she could understand quite readily.

"Black Eagle great chief," the Indian said. "He has much power and many warriors. White men take Indian land; now Indian must work like dogs. Indian get nothing for all this; now chief want white squaw. White girl marry Indian the same like white man does?"

The poor girl saw it was useless to get angry so

she said: "Will the great chief marry an unwilling squaw? He wants one that will make him happy. He knows that white girl can't do that, for she does not know his ways. Let her go back to her people, and she will send presents of money; she will give him her rifle."

"Black Eagle have that now." He smiled as he spoke.

"You surely don't intend to keep me prisoner in this house, do you?"

"Go to big woods with white squaw, where white man never come." With this he appeared to consider the discussion closed and began making arrangements to leave the place, when he was startled by a rap on the door.

"Who there?" he asked in Sioux, as he stepped to the door; but, before he could take any further precautions, the door was pushed open and the trapper walked in.

"What does this mean, Black Eagle?" he said, his eye taking in the situation of the young girl and the evident arrangements the Indian was making to leave.

"White squaw mine. Came to me; going to big woods to live." The Indian answered in his native language.

"You lie, you whelp. I thought you were a warrior and made war on braves and men; but I see you are a coward and make war on women. Is this the work of a Sioux brave?"

"White girl want Indian."

"Do you understand what he says, Miss Nell?"

"No, sir."

"He says you came to him and want to marry him and that you have consented to go to the big woods to live."

"Do you think it would be necessary for him to tie me so that it is almost impossible for me to move, if that was so?"

"The beast," said the trapper, as he cut the rope that held the girl

"How did you get into this place?"

"He pulled me from my horse and carried me here. You can get me away, can't you?"

The Indian and the trapper held a heated conversation, with the result that the former sulkily left the house, and the trapper picked up the girl's rifle, told her to follow him, and they left the Indian maid in sole possession.

"You had a narrow escape from a disagreeable experience, young lady," he said, "and I am afraid it isn't ended."

"It is very fortunate for me that you came along just at the time you did, Mr. LaFrambois. I can't understand how you happened to be there."

"I have been watching that Indian for some time. He has been acting queer about you ever since the blizzard; that was when he told me he intended to marry you. I laughed at him then and told him you would never consent. He intimated that he would take you, but I thought it would pass, as many of his notions have; but when he succeeded in getting the government to put up this house for him, I asked him what he intended to do with it; for he is

one of the blanket Indians and not a farmer, and he told me then, it was for the white squaw he was going to marry; that led me to watch him all the closer and I have had my hands full; so when I saw your horse returning by my place without a rider, a short time ago, I caught it and came to this place as quickly as I could, for I was certain he was up to some deviltry."

"You don't think he will bother me any more, do you?"

"Well, if I were you, I wouldn't ride out this way very often alone."

"Indeed I won't. But what was he telling you in Sioux; you know I could catch a few of the words; just enough to make me curious?"

"He says that unless you marry him, he will help Little Crow dig up the hatchet against all the whites; and they will drive them all to the other side of the Mississippi."

"You don't think he means what he said, do you?"

"No, that is hardly probable; still he is a viscious fellow and is capable of doing a large amount of damage."

"You are pretty well acquainted with the Indians; do they ever talk that way among themselves?"

"Yes, they do. They have secret meetings that the farmer Indians know nothing about, and the white people are as ignorant of what they do there, as you are. I am sometimes afraid for the safety of the white people, because of the way some agents are robbing the Indians. There is no more big game

to be had, as there was years ago, and when they have no money with which to buy provisions, they have to beg or steal or go hungry, and often I have seen the women out in the woods and on the prairies, digging for roots with which to appease their hunger.

"When an Indian is hungry, there is no answering to what he will do, and Black Eagle was just telling me that the Indians are getting very hungry, in fact, he says, Little Crow, who is at the head of all the disaffected Indians, has been holding many of these secret meetings lately, and is tireless in his efforts to incite Indians to go on the war path. He has even arranged to have them dance the sun dance."

"Is the sun dance something terrible?" inquired the alarmed girl.

"It is their sacred dance and is seldom danced unless it is just before going on the war path. When the Indians have gone through the torture of this dance, they naturally feel like being avenged for the suffering and they take it out on their nearest enemy."

"And the nearest enemy in this case is the white people?"

"No; there's the Chippewas; they are the hereditary foe of the Sioux. But the chief has just told me that conferences have been held in which Chippewas have taken part, and if the Sioux go on the war path against the whites, the Chippewas are to bury the hatchet and unite against this common foe."

"Do you believe this, Mr. LaFrambois? I don't see how it can possibly be."

"There is much truth in it, and I really don't blame the Indians for it, considering the way they have been treated."

"But the fort is near here and the United States has a large army. They would be foolish to try such a thing."

"The army didn't save you, did it?"

"No, but then I am just one."

"They could make a whole lot of trouble and do much killing before the people would know there was danger, and before the army could be used against them. They all know that a large number of men have been sent to the army in the south. It was a foolish thing to do. They think the Great Father must be weak, if he has to come to this country where there are so few to get them to fight his wars. But there is little danger at present."

"The trapper rode with her to the river, and watched her safely across. "Best not go far from the settlement for some time," he said. "Black Eagle may try to make you trouble. If he should stir up an uprising of the Indians, he will trust to capturing you with the other women, and once his prisoner, you will have to do as he says."

"Oh, this is awful to think of, Mr. LaFrambois. It can't be possible that it can ever take place. But I will do as you say, and if I am ever taken prisoner by him, I will kill myself."

"No, never do that, for if you are ever a prisoner, it cannot be for long, as there are too many white people to let prisoners remain long in the hands of the Indians. No, just get along the best way you can

and wait; and if you are ever in trouble and have the chance, just send for me. I think I can always be of some service." With this parting injunction, he left the girl, who was soon at home with her friends in the city.

The story of her adventure was hardly considered serious by her friends except that the Indian was determined to marry the girl and would doubtless have carried her away for a time. "But be assured, Nell," said Mr. Schmidt, we would have brought you back." Thus the incident was passed over in the quiet security of the homes, and life coursed on like the peaceful flow of a stream on a summer day.

CHAPTER XVII.

"William, wasn't there a knock at the door?" said Mrs. Schmidt. "I was sure I heard it." It was late and besides it was an unusual thing for people to come at that hour of the night to visit.

"Nell, will you please open the door and see who it may be. I declare I feel old tonight."

The door was opened, and there stood the trapper, with hat in hand, waiting.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. LaFrambois!" the girl exclaimed.

"Come in, Joe, and right welcome you are."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Schmidt, for disturbing you, but I thought it best to visit you at night; you see we are all watched now."

"What do you mean by watched, Joe?"

"Indians."

It was but one word, but it was enough to throw them all into alarm.

"You don't mean that they are on the warpath?" said Mr. Schmidt.

"No, not exactly, but they are getting mighty restless."

"Have they killed anybody?"

"About fifty. It is what is known as Inkpaduta's band."

"Joe, if that is true, it is awful. You say fifty? All white people?"

"Yes."

"Near here?"

"Forty miles or more."

"Was it a general massacre?"

"Yes; women and children."

"Do you know if the government has done anything about it? Have troops been sent there to punish the Indians?"

"A young fellow by the name of Colfax is said to have a small force down in Iowa, trying to capture the band, but he might as well look for a fox in the thick woods."

"Is it Maj. Colfax, Mr. LaFrambois?" asked Nell.

"I believe so. He was at the fort for a while."

"Then if he was at the fort, it is him. He said he might be ordered out at any time, but I thought it was to go to the army in the east. Do you think he will come here?"

"No, not for some time. He will have his hands full if he follows that murdering band; and they are not going to head this way."

"Is there any danger that he will get killed?"

"No, not if he keeps his eyes open like a soldier ought to."

"How are the Indians at the agency, Joe?" asked Mr. Schmidt.

"That is just what I came to talk about. They are dissatisfied with the treatment they are receiving. I attended one of Little Crow's secret councils. He has many braves in training. He is not doing all this for fun."

"The government agent doesn't know what he is

doing. He has reported that Inkpaduta is a Sioux and because of this report, the government has ordered that no annuities be paid till the Sioux capture this Indian and his band and punish them; the truth is, he is not a Sioux, and does not belong to the annuity Indians. It is an injustice to the others, for they need the money; some of them are actually starving.

"I was up to Yellow Medicine when this young Colfax met the Indians in their big council. He is a brave fellow and means well, but his hands are tied. The Indians said, 'All of us want our money very much. A man of another tribe has done wrong and we made to suffer. Our old women and our children are very hungry. We have seen the money to pay us. It is much. Our Great Father must have more. Why do we not get it?'

"Colfax made a good reply, but it did not satisfy them. He said: 'Your Great Father has sent me to see the superintendent, and to say to him he is well pleased with him because he has acted as he was instructed. Your Great Father has heard that some of his white children have been scalped by some of the Sioux. The news was sent to him on the wings of lightning, from the far north to the land of eternal summer, throughout which his children dwell. His young men wish to make war on the whole Sioux nation, and avenge the death of their brothers, but your Great Father wishes to treat his children with equal justice. He wants no innocent man punished for the guilty. He punishes the guilty alone. He expects that those missionaries who have been here

teaching you the laws of the Great Spirit have taught you this. Whenever a Sioux is injured by a white man, your Great Father will punish him, and he expects from the chiefs and warriors of the great Sioux nation that they will punish those Indians who injure the whites.

"He considers the Sioux as part of his family; and as friends and brothers he expects them to do as the whites do to them. He knows that the Sioux nation is divided into bands; but he knows also that they can band together for common protection. He expects the nation to punish these murderers, or to deliver them up, the children of the Sioux nation are not acting as friends of the Great Father.

"It is for this reason that he has withheld the money. Your Great Father will have his white children protected; and all who have told you that he is not able to punish those who injure them tell you lies. Your Great father seeks to do good to all his children, but he will punish all who do wrong. I have finished,' he said, and left the council. I remained to the close, and when he was gone they laughed.

"He knows as well as the Indians do that they do not want to catch the murderers. They are helping them to get away, and they are rejoicing that the white people are leaving that part of their hunting ground."

"You don't imagine they think they can drive all the whites out, do you?"

"They have no idea, as you have, how many white people there are to deal with. But I am posit-

ive that if they are not given their moncy, and that before long, there will be trouble."

"Do you think a petition to have the annuities paid, would help?"

"It might. These Indians must be paid before winter, or there will be serious trouble. But that is not why I came to see you this evening. I have noticed that you have no protection in this city. You should have a strong stockade or fort of some kind. You may need it."

"You surely don't think it is as serious as that, do you, Joe?"

"You can't tell. You don't know these people as I do, and I tell you they have been badly abused. They have guns and ammunition buried in different places and provisions have been stored in secure places, also. They are even getting suspicious of me, and for that reason I don't want it known that I have visited you. They watch me like a hawk. I wanted to speak to your daughter as I came in; she lives in a very dangerous place, but you can take care of her. If ever there comes trouble, it will come suddenly and the Indians will spare nobody as long as they have a chance to win; so tell the people to be on the watch. Better have your folks come to the city to live."

"That reminds me, Joe, when I was out on the farm this morning some Indians, one of them called Hole-in-the-day, said to me: 'White man better leave farm soon.' I asked why, and all he would say was: 'White man better go far away.'"

"Hole-in-the-day is a fine fellow. He will never

lift his hands against the whites, unless it is to save his own life. I expected he was out on that kind of a mission. But I must go. I just wanted to tell you that if you should need assistance and can reach me, you will always be safe at my house."

"Thank you, Joe, you have been very good to us, and we will remember it. But we hope the time will never come in the way you mean."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Good morning, John," said Mr. Schmidt, to his neighbor when he saw him next day. "I was over to Heinrich's this morning and I bring you the good news that we are for the second time grandfathers. It is a boy they have, and as likely a fellow as I have ever seen."

"You don't say; well, I'll declare! It makes a fellow feel old, doesn't it? I must go over and see the little fellow. How is his mother?"

"She's all right. You must go over and see them. You will be surprised, too, to see what fine prospects we have for a crop this year; the best I have ever seen. You know all the vacant land that lies beyond Heinrich's place down to the ford?"

"Yes."

"I drove over that way when I came back, and I was surprised to see that it was nearly all taken and there is a house on most every quarter. It is really quite settled."

"So I've been told, and the best thing about it is they are all Germans. I'll tell you we have a small Germany here all to ourselves."

"True, and we have about realized our dream, haven't we, John? No religion here to interfere with what we do."

"Yes, we are as near it as we could want, and I don't see but what we are as well off as the rest."

"Say, John, have you heard anything of these Indian tales they are telling?"

"No, nothing that I would give a thought to."

"Nell was telling me the other day that the children bring stories of Indian warnings, and of trouble they are having over at the agency. Have you heard anything of them?"

"No, not of that, but I have heard something of the young army officer who was in the city a month or more. He seems to have been very attentive to Miss Nell."

"You mean young Colfax?"

"Yes."

"Well, Nell is old enough to know her own mind. I was thinking she would find it rather difficult to suit her tastes among the men of this place. She is English, you know."

"This young Colfax was here enlisting men, was he not?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Did he succeed in getting much of a company for the south?"

"Yes, I believe before he gets through, he will have about all the young men available. I am told that even Heinrich is thinking of enlisting."

"That must not be allowed. He shouldn't go at this time, perhaps if more men are needed at some later period, it would be different; but it would be foolish for him to think of such a thing at this time; don't you think so?"

"It would be well for you to speak to him."

"I will; I am going over to see that wonderful grandson of ours and I will have it out with him."

That evening as Nell was closing her school for the day, she was surprised to hear the footfalls of a horse coming rapidly down the road. Nearer and nearer the rider came. Fear, lest it might be Black Eagle, grew upon her until she felt quite sick; closer it came and then, the horse stopped. It was at the school house, then she heard a voice say, "There, there, Beauty, you have made a good trip of it." That was enough. She knew that voice; it belonged to but one man and that was Maj. Colfax.

"Oh, I am so glad it's you!" she exclaimed in great relief. "You don't know how scared I was. Do you know every horse I hear makes me think of that horrid Indian."

"You dislike him so? You are not to be blamed in the least. But, since he is so disagreeable to you, let's talk of something else. I had to pretty near kill my poor horse to get here before you would be leaving, and I find I'm not any too early as it is. Have you some water? It is a warm day and the road from the fort is dusty."

"There is a little, but I won't answer to its being very fresh."

The young man took the cup and drank deeply. "'A sweeter draft from a fairer hand—'" he quoted.

"No compliments like that. I am no Maud Muller, for I don't rake the hay; I simply teach a few of these children."

"Stupid ones at that."

"No, indeed, sir; I would have you know they are the brightest in the country, or anywhere else for that matter."

"At any rate, it is something Maud never knew how to do. But I didn't take this long trip to talk about Maud Muller. I made it for the express purpose of talking about—Nell."

"What a poor subject. She can't enlist in your army."

"No, not to fight, but she can enlist for something else."

"To nurse?" she inquired archly.

"Nell," said the young man, coming near to where she stood, "I came to tell you that I have orders to start for the south in the morning. We are to leave for St. Paul and from there go on the steamer to where the army is. There has been some heavy fighting and the men are needed badly. I have a full company and they are all good men; though some of them will have difficulty with the English language. But I wanted to see you before I left and I wanted to see you alone. I love you, Nell. You know it, don't you? When I was ordered to this place, I little dreamed that I would find here the sweetest prairie rose that God has ever permitted to bloom. I want you to love me, Nell, will you?"

"I do love you, George. I did not know it until now. You have all my heart. This was said without the least affectation, for she did not know what coquetry was.

He drew her to a seat, and long and earnestly they talked. He told her of his parents and home in the east, and how he had entered the army against their wishes. "You don't know much about me, Nell," he said, "but when you meet my mother you will

find her the dearest woman you ever met. And your folks, Nell? It has always bothered me to know how one English girl ever found her way into such a purely German settlement?"

"My father is dead, but Mr. Schmidt has been as good as a father to me." Then she related the circumstances that led to her going to Chicago and from there to New Ulm.

"Will you marry me, Nell, and go east with me?"

"That would have to be tonight!"

"Yes, tonight."

"You are a swift woer,"

"You will, then?"

"That could not be, much as I would want to. Let us wait. The war will not last long, and you will return for me when it is over."

"It is probably better so; but I dread to leave you here, now that you are mine. It was because I was afraid to leave you here that I was in such a hurry to ask you to marry me. There is more danger than most people think there is. Indeed, I am afraid to take all the men I have out of the country, for I believe that the Indians are waiting for that one opportunity to make trouble.

"The agent smiles and says things will come out all right and so the people go on in simple confidence, but the Indians are uneasy. They haven't received their pay, and they say they are hungry, but let us hope it will be all right.

"I stopped at LaFrambois as I came over, and he asked me if I was coming for you, (that fellow sees with both eyes.) He said that I had better take you

out of the country, for if you ever got into the hands of the chief who is after you, he would see that you did not escape. He is sure there will be trouble before fall; but then he is mostly Indian and naturally feels with them."

"I have no fear, George, when you are away, I will write to you. It seems like an age since I have written a letter: it is many years."

"And I will have someone to pray for me, won't I?"

"Pray for you! O, George, how can I do that? I haven't heard a prayer since I was a little bit of a girl. They don't pray in this city. You know they don't have churches nor worship of any kind, and I have heard some say that if a man tried to preach here, they would mob him. They say that's why this colony was founded; for the express purpose of getting away from God, if that was possible, and it seems to be, for they are getting along splendidly,"

"But you surely don't believe as they do?"

"No, George; I know that I have been very wicked, but I can never get away from the teachings of my mother; and I have longed, oh, so much, just for a Bible to read, but there isn't one in the place. They found some in a pack that a traveller left at a hotel some time ago, and they carried them out to the main street and had a public burning of them. It was awful to me, and I wouldn't go to see it, but I guess most everyone else did."

"I believe God will surely visit a judgment upon a people that has so utterly forsaken him. What do they call themselves who do this; have they any name?"

"No, they have no name, as a society; they are mostly atheistic, but some of them in the city call themselves Turners."

"How fortunate I am that I am permitted to pick the only rose that blooms in this wilderness of thistles."

"Oh, don't say that, George. They are the best people you ever will find; if you only knew how kind they have been to me."

"Well, I am satisfied that I have found the kindest heart of them all, and I pray God that I may live to prove myself worthy of her."

"George, just see how late it is; why, really, the sun has gone down. It must be very late. Mr. Schmidt will think that I have been kidnapped again."

"That you have, Nell, but we will go to your home before they start a searching party after you."

The folks at the house were, indeed, anxious for their charge. She had never failed but once to be on hand at supper time, without letting them know, and that was when she so nearly became a prisoner of Black Eagle, so it was no little relief to them to see her coming into the yard.

"You will come in, George, and take supper with me? It will be so late, if you don't that you will not have time to return even to tell me good-bye."

"Yes, I will, for I want to speak to Mr. Schmidt. You are very kind to think of this."

"I think it is as much to my pleasure as it is to yours"

"Well, Nell, I don't think I can eat very much; somehow I don't believe I would ever need anything more to eat, I am so satisfied."

"It's not that way with me. I am hungry and I'm not afraid to own it."

"Well, you see you haven't taken as much as I have. I have all of you, when a short time ago, I wasn't sure that I had myself."

"That works both ways. But here we are at home."

After the meal was finished, the young man took Mr. Schmidt out on the porch, and, lighting a cigar, offered one to his host; then he told him of his love for Nell and that she had promised to be his wife. He assured him as best he could, under the circumstances, that he was perfectly able to care for her. "And now," he said, "I must make arrangements tonight for rejoining my regiment. Hark! that is the call you hear, and before I go I want your consent to our engagement. Will you give it?"

"We do not know much of you, Mr. Colfax, but you impress me as an honorable man. Nell's welfare is as dear to us as if she was our own child; and if she is willing, I don't see that we should stand in the way. We shall hate to lose her; but we know that it will be for her good, if you are what you seem to be."

"Thank you, sir. You will find that I have not misrepresented myself, though I am not worthy of your little prairie rose. I leave with you these addresses; they are of my parents and other people in the city where I live. Will you please write to them and assure yourself of my character? It is only just to yourself and to Nell that you should do it, and you need not feel that I will think of it in the light of doubting my word. I am staying beyond my time.

I will bid you good-night and goodbye, till we meet again—auf wiedersehen—as you Germans say."

With a hearty hand-shake and the best wishes of all, the young officer rode rapidly off to join his command at the fort. He was popular with the men, and a general favorite among the officers; and tonight he was supremely happy and satisfied with his lot.

CHAPTER XIX.

The tribes of Indians inhabiting Minnesota at the time of this story, were four distinct bands or small nations, mostly of the Sioux origin, and for war purposes were under the control of one chief, who was an old man and disposed to end his days in the security of an established peace. In opposition to him was the fiery young sub-chief, Little Crow, who was the pride of the blanket Indians.

All these Sioux Indians were intimately connected with other wild bands scattered over a vast region of country, including Dakota Territory and the country west of the Mississippi river, even to the base of the Rocky mountains. Over this vast waste, roamed these wild bands of Dakotas, a powerful and warlike nation, holding by their tenure the country north and beyond the Canadian line.

The four Minnesota tribes comprised the entire annuity Sioux, and at this time, they numbered about eight thousand persons. All these Indians had, from time to time, received presents from the government by virtue of various treaties of friendship between the whites and the several chiefs and heads of the tribes.

From the treaty of St. Louis in 1816, to the treaty ratified by the United States in 1859, these tribes had remained friendly, and had by treaty stipulations parted with all the lands to which they claimed title

in Iowa; all on the east side of the Mississippi river, and all on the Minnesota, formerly St. Peter, river in Minnesota, except certain reservations. One of these reservations lay on both sides of the Minnesota river, ten miles on either side of that stream, from Hawk river on the north and Yellow Medicine river on the south, and westwardly to Big Stone and Traverse lakes, a distance of about a hundred miles, as the river runs.

Another reservation, and the one with which this story has to deal, commenced at Little Rock on the east and a line running due south from opposite its mouth, and extending westward to the east line of the first reservation, at the Hawk and Yellow Medicine rivers. This last reservation had also a width of ten miles on each side of the Minnesota river, and was located in the heart of the most fertile part of the state.

These Indian treaties inaugurated, and continued greatly to strengthen, a custom of granting to the pretended owners of the lands occupied for purposes of hunting the wild game thereon, and living on the mineral products, a consideration for the cession of the lands to the United States government. This custom culminated in a vast annuity fund, aggregating more than three million dollars, which was owing to the tribes. This annuity is claimed by many to be the cause of the massacre of 1862; which, in a degree, is no doubt true.

Before the whites came in contact with these Indians, they dressed in the skins of animals, killed for food, such as the buffalo, deer, elk, and others

trapped on the streams and lakes. In later years the skins were exchanged for cloth and other articles of necessity or ornament, to the whites. Even among those who are now called civilized, the style of costume is often unique. It is no flight of imagination to picture to the reader a stalwart Indian in breech cloth and leggings, with a calico shirt fluttering to the breeze, and his head surmounted with a stove-pipe hat of the highest pattern; smoking a pipe of exquisite workmanship, fastened to a stem that looks not unlike a section of a fishing pole. His appearance is somewhat varied as the seasons come and go. He may be seen in the hottest weather dressed in a heavy cloth coat of the coarsest fabric turned inside out, with all his civilized and savage toggery, from head to foot in the most grotesque and bewildering juxtaposition.

The treaty of 1858 was an elaborate scheme for the civilization of the annuity Indians. A fund for this new purpose was provided, to be taken from their annuities, and expended on the lands of such of them as should abandon their tribal relations and adopt the habits and modes of the whites. To all such lands were to be assigned in severalty, eighty acres to each head of a family; farm buildings were to be erected and cattle and horses furnished by the government for their use.

Besides, the government offered them good pay for all labor they performed on their farms, in addition to the crops they raised. During the four years that intervened between the signing of the treaty and the massacre, about one hundred and fifty had taken

advantage of these terms and were housed in snug brick houses; and among this number was the traitor, Little Crow.

Black Eagle, whose hatred was fired by the refusal of the white girl to marry him, agitated the members of his tribe to oppose the using of any portion of the money from the general fund for the civilizing project. These Indians, headed by Black Eagle were called blanket Indians, because they still wore the blanket and refused to be known as farmer Indians, who had adopted the clothes of the white race and had their hair cut short. They termed the transaction an infringement on their rights. They fought step by step, the encroachments of civilization on what they considered the divine right of the chase.

But, however the Indians were disposed to look at this thing, to the missionaries and those interested in the civilization of the Indian, the progress was gratifying, and they believed that slowly the race was being moved to a higher plane. This was gathered from the government reports, and the government reports were compiled from figures the agents sent in, and the agents were handling this money that was supposed to be put in use for the civilizing process.

The persistence of the blanket Indians made it hard; because, when the chase failed, the blanket Indians resorted to their relatives, the farmers; pitched their tepees about their houses and commenced the process of eating them out of house and home. Here they remained until the farmer Indians were driven out after game to keep from starving.

It will be seen by actual circumstance how hopeless it was to believe in the possibility of elevating one class without affording protection against the incursions of their own relatives. In this attempt to civilize the Sioux Indians, the fifty or more years of missionary labor have been largely a loss and the money spent in that direction, if not wasted, has been sadly misapplied.

The treaty of 1858 had opened for settlement a vast frontier country of the most attractive character, and in the valley of the Minnesota and the tributaries emptying into it, were flourishing cities of white families. In the most attractive part of this flourished the city of New Ulm, with which the reader has become familiar, being the home of William Schmidt and John Zittel.

CHAPTER XX.

"Katherine," said her husband, as they sat at the evening meal one day, "I have just finished cutting the wheat today; it is a good crop, the finest we have ever had, and the weather is ideal. With a good price, we ought to be able to lay by a neat sum of money this fall."

"And then, Heinrich—"

"And then we will move into town. I know you are worried out here by the stories they tell of trouble with the Indians, but I really believe they are mostly wind."

"Indeed, I don't,"

"Some new stories have reached your ears I suppose?"

"Yes, this morning two Indians stopped to get a drink. They each had rifles and lots of ammunition, and I thought then, how easy it would be for them to murder me and the children, but they seemed to have good faces, and one of them said: 'White woman better go way off; not much time left!' I asked him what he meant, and he drew his hand around his head in a way that I am sure meant scalping. He wouldn't say anything more. It has worried me all day."

"Major Colfax was over to see Nell last night. He is now at Ft. Ridgely. He was not permitted to go south as he wanted. He passed me on the road

this morning, on his way back, and I asked him what he thought about the alarm. He said it was more scare than anything else at present. But he added that he was disappointed in the way the agent was treating the Indians. He said they are not getting what is coming to them, and it is making them bitter against the white people, but still, he says it can hardly amount to more than a scare, and if there is trouble it will be mostly at the agency."

"I hope it is true, Heinrich; and I hope it will stay at the agency if it proves as bad as some of them think it will. But you didn't tell me that Nell was with the Major and that she has gone over to the agency with him."

"No, I didn't for I thought she was just out for a ride. She is as full of life as any person I have ever seen, but I don't think it is hardly right for her to go so far with one she has known for such a very short time."

"She certainly isn't afraid of danger, for she has gone right into the face of it in more ways than one. The Major says there are a number of white women at the agency, and his sister has recently come there to spend the rest of the summer. Nell expects to stay a week. She told me before she left that they were to be married this fall."

"Nell looked unusually happy and well. I hope this man is as good as she is."

"O I am sure of that; he is just as kind and thoughtful as he can be, and he has lots of money. He has wanted to go to the army in the south, but the department won't let him. He has had some ex-

perience here and he says they don't want to take all the soldiers out of the country; and then, I think he is not at all bored."

"You heard of the large number of men he is sending out of this part of the state? It seems as if all the men in the country are leaving. Isn't it awful; you don't think of going, do you? Say no, quick!"

"I don't know, Katherine, it seems as if I ought to go with the rest. It looks as if I was a coward, doesn't it, if I don't go?"

"Oh Heinrich! You must not go; it takes brave men to stay at home."

"Weil, little girl, don't worry about it; I won't go this time, but if there is another call, I don't believe I will be able to stay here and see the older and weaker men enlist."

"That's all right; I'll agree to that; for there won't be another call; of that I am sure, so let's not worry about it."

So the days sped by. The passing of men, the calls of the bugle and the news of war, became daily routine. People on the frontier had little idea of the magnitude of the rebellion, and events that were weeks old was news to them.

Nell had stayed longer than she said she would at the time she left, but no alarm was felt because of it, for they knew she was in good hands; but there was great surprise when she rode up to the house one evening just at dark, her horse covered with dust and reeking with sweat.

"O, Katherine," she said, "I am nearly dead with this ride. Get me some water, quick."

"Why, child, what's the matter; are you alone?"

"Yes, I came most of the way alone, and then that horrid Black Eagle followed me most all the rest of the way. I believe he would have caught me if I hadn't turned into Mr. LaFrambois' place. He wasn't at home, but his daughter was, and she came to the top of the hill with me. But that isn't the worst. They are going to have trouble at the agency, I am sure."

"Where is the gallant Major, that he lets you take this risk alone?"

"He is there."

"Where?"

"At the agency. At least he was when I left him. I wanted to stay, but he insisted on my leaving that I might warn people along the route, to look out for trouble; and I want you and Henry to move into the city tomorrow."

"You are frightened, Nell. We can't move in so short a time. Do you honestly believe there is so much danger?"

"You can't tell, Katherine. Just think how awful it would be, if they would come here and kill you both and take the children captive or torture them to death."

Katherine shuddered and ran to the cradle to pick up her infant. "I believe we better, but then it seems too bad to leave everything here, and then, too Henry will have to stay and look after the stock; we can't move that into the city."

"Let the stock go! Let everything go. What is it all compared with your lives?"

While they were talking, Henry came in. He was feeling in excellent humor, having finished his stacking; the stock was looking more than usually fine, and the prices were better. It was enough to put a smile on the face of any man.

"Why, Nell! You are the last person I expected to find here at this time; are you coming or going?" For she still had her riding habit on.

"I was just about to start for home, I'm tired."

"Then stay here all night."

"No, I can't do that. I wish you would move to the city, Henry. Can't you arrange to do it and start tomorrow?"

"What, and leave all this great crop to waste? No; just as soon as I have it secured, I am going to move in; for there is much out here that is worrying Katherine, and she will not hear of going in and leaving me to care for the farm alone."

"I think you are both very foolish, but I hope you will not have to regret it. You don't know how bad the Indians are becoming. Major Colfax told me to tell you to be ready to move to some place of safety at a moment's notice. I must go or the folks will be in bed before I get home."

The rested pony soon bore her to the door of her home. There was much surprise at the Schmidt house when she made her appearance. There had been a public demonstration in honor of the men who were to go south. Those who were to be officers and a few of the others were enjoying a reception at the Schmidt residence and were in the midst of it when Nell arrived.

"This looks like a regular army camp," she said as soon as the greetings were over. "It seems to me we are furnishing the biggest part of the United States army."

"We are doing our share of it, Miss Nell, but it isn't going to be said that a New Ulm man has to be drafted."

"I don't think you officers ought to take so many men away from here," she said; "I am sure we will need them to keep the Indians quiet."

"You mean to keep you girls quiet. It is rather hard on you to take all the young men out of the country; but never mind, you will each have a hero when the war is over."

"I don't see how you can talk so lightly, when there are so many indications that we are going to have not only a bad war with the south, but with the Indians. You all simply don't know what you are talking about."

"What do they think about it at the agency?" asked one.

"Well, they are scared, but they say it will blow over; they talk that way just to keep their courage up."

"You are easily alarmed, Miss Nell. A girl of the plains should have more nerve."

"More nerve!" she exclaimed. It isn't nerve that is needed. You men are pretty wise, but you don't know it all. I was with Major Colfax and his sister at the upper agency, and there was a great cry by the Indians for their money. Threats were made that are not idle.

"He took me to a council of the chiefs, and I saw the Indians, some of them in their war paint. I heard him tell them that they would be paid, but he did not know when, nor how much they would get. It was an unfortunate speech, even if it was the truth. Then he had to give them provisions, powder and shot and tobacco, but they weren't satisfied; and when he left, they looked as if they would like to mob him. There wasn't a pleasant face in the crowd, not one.

"Then we returned to the lower agency. There are not so many Indians there, but they seemed to have the same feeling. He tells me that Little Crow and Black Eagle have filled their minds with a notion that they are to be cheated out of their money, and they believe it. Talking to them does no good. They are like cattle when they are hungry; you have to feed them to satisfy them.

"Just before I left, Major Colfax came running to where I was and he said: 'Nell, come here, I want you to see what we have to contend with.' I went to one of the windows and there, as far as I could see, were Indians. They were after their money.

" 'Think of the thousands of these Indians,' he said, 'depending on us for supplies, and the supply nearly exhausted, and worse than all, no money to give them!'

" 'What are you going to do?' I asked.

" 'Are you brave enough to do something for me? There is some danger and no little risk on your part, to do it.'

"I told him I was ready for anything.

" 'I knew you would do anything to help me, Nell,' he said, 'but you may not want to do this: I want you to go home—to your home. This is no place for you. I am sorry you have stayed as long as you have.' Then he said a whole lot more that you will have to imagine. 'You may be able to warn the people along the way. I can keep them down a while,' he said, 'I expect them to break into the storehouse and get the provisions. They are hungry, and so many hungry savages are something with which to reckon.

" 'They have left all they have at their homes and will stay here till they get their money, or are satisfied it isn't here. Now, I want you to take this letter to Captain Marsh, at Ft. Ridgely. I can send you, but if a soldier went out, the Indians would at once be suspicious. The fort is on your way home and will be a good resting place.'

" 'I thought at the time it was an excuse, because he knew I would not go just to escape danger; anyway I delivered the letter and then I came on to this place, and I tell you I am glad to get home. Now I want you wise men to tell me what those savages are going to do, when they get good and hungry and there is no food for them?'

" 'Go back to their homes,' replied a captain.

" 'I hope so, indeed, I do, but I fear not! It is a long way, and they haven't food for a day; and worst of all, there aren't more than a dozen men at the agency to defend it from an attack. They will have the whole place at their mercy. Why, just think of it! five thousand savages against a dozen men. I tell

you it is wrong for you to take all of these men out of the country."

The young lady was right, though the men did not believe so. Captain Marsh arrived at the agency early in the evening of the same day on which he received the note; for the message it contained was to the effect that he should come with all haste to confer with those in charge. He agreed that there was but one thing to do and that was to issue the annuity goods, with enough provisions to satisfy the present hunger of the Indians and to last them till they could get home, and then to beg them to go peaceably away to look after their crops.

Before this could be done, however, a party of them broke into the storehouse and did much damage. These could not be punished because there was neither men nor troops enough to do it; and they laughed at the agent, saying:

"Great Father very weak."

CHAPTER XXI.

"What do you suppose that smoke is?" said Katherine, looking out toward the river. "It can't be the new house that was built there this spring?"

"You are right; I believe it is. It looks like it, doesn't it?"

"There's another smoke!—Heinrich! but it can't be!—"

"Can't be what, Katherine?"

"Indians!"

"It is, as sure as I live. My God! Katherine! get the children ready and by that time I will have the horses hitched up. We must get out of this."

While he was in the stable the clatter of hoofbeats caused him to look out, and there, coming down the road riding like the wind, was a band of painted savages yelling like demons. There was no time, now, for hitching horses to the wagon; the only thing to do was to get to the house, take his wife, and make an effort to flee as best they could to some place of safety.

But as they were about to leave the house, the Indians wheeled and as suddenly as they had come, they disappeared and then they saw Nell, followed by a few men, come tearing into the yard, their horses quite exhausted by the fierce ride.

"O, Katherine! you are safe, thank God!" she exclaimed.

Katherine looked up in surprise. She hadn't realized the closeness of the danger; and it was the first time she had ever heard Nell use the name of God. "Was there such danger as that, Nell?"

"Come, Katherine, there is no time to lose; the team is ready," said her husband. "You and Nell drive to town and I will join the men to help hunt this band of savages down."

"Don't go, Heinrich. Come with us, and then if you are needed, you can come back. It is really asking too much of Nell to do all this, and then you may get shot."

"There may be more families that are in worse danger than we are. You will be safe enough on the road to the city, and I will be back before night. If we do not hunt these Indians down, they will return and destroy our property."

"Kissing his wife and children, he then mounted Nell's pony and soon overtook the other men who were riding slowly toward the place where the Indians were last seen.

Taking the most valuable articles from the house and a quantity of clothing, the women and children started for the city.

"How did you happen to come just at that time, Nell?" Katherine asked.

"I've been watching this direction ever since I came back, for the smoke I saw this morning, as I was certain when the attack came, it would come from this direction and the houses first destroyed would be those near the river. When I saw it this morning, I was certain there was trouble; but I had

the hardest time to get those men started, and then they said it was only some old straw burning. You wouldn't believe me when I told you to move to the city, and these men laughed at me until we came in sight of the Indians and they saw them waving their arms and heard the shouts. We were just in ti—"

"Hurry, Nell, hurry!" exclaimed Katherine; "do you see those Indians?"

"Where?"

"I was sure I saw three in the grass just back of those bushes. I am sure I did."

"Oh, you must have been mistaken; they would have come out in the open. They know there are none but women here, if they have been around all this time."

"T—"

Just then the Indians rose from the grass and fired their rifles. The shots were all wild but close enough to be heard. The horses had been allowed to saunter along and were now urged to their utmost speed.

"There is no help for it, Katherine; lie down in the wagon and keep the children out of sight; I'm going to see if I can't shoot as straight as those Indians did."

There was a flash and a report and one of the savages jumped high in the air and fell dead. Then the plucky girl, seizing the lines, forced the horses to run the gauntlet and succeeded in passing the other two without a scratch; but the excitement was too much for her; she fainted, falling on the lines so as to turn the horses and upset the wagon.

The savages, seeing this, took advantage of it, and, reaching the overturned wagon, righted it and ordered the women to get in; then one of them took the youngest child by its feet and beat its brains out on a rock near the road, throwing the quivering body into the grass. He attempted to get the other, but the frantic mother interposed such a struggle, and Nell, who had recovered, assisted her, so that they desisted, and turning the horses toward the agency, drove away.

They were taken to the camp of Little Crow where they arrived late that night. In the morning they were given some crackers and sugar, taken from the stores of the agency, and were told that they could have the freedom of the camp but would be killed if they tried to escape.

Agony, caused by the inhuman murder of her child, had nearly crazed Katherine, and Nell exhausted all her powers to provide means for keeping her spirits up. About the only thing to do was to stroll about the camp and try to interest her in other things. While they were doing this, they were attracted by a white man stretched on a cot under some trees.

"We will see who it is," said Nell, glad of an opportunity to find some one among the savages to whom she could talk.

As they approached him, he turned his head and recognized Nell, but she did not know him because of his rough appearance.

"Good morning, Miss Nell," he called.

"Good morning, sir; but how does it come that you know me?"

"You were at the agency—"

"Yes, yes, I know you now. Have they been murdering people there? I was sure they would. The Major, Mr. Spencer, is he—"

"He's all right as far as I know; but I guess he is the only one."

"Oh, I'm so glad. Did they fight?"

"It wasn't much of a fight. It was simply a massacre. There were few left after the first fire. They killed and scalped men, women and children in a horrible manner. It was fortunate for you that you left when you did. The Major sent his sister away the day before, or rather the evening before, for it was dark when they left. Some of the women would not listen to reason, and stayed to meet their fate, and it was an awful one."

"How does it happen that you escaped? You are not scalped, as I can see."

"No, not scalped, though to tell the truth I might as well be, for all the torture I have suffered."

"You are terribly injured, then?"

"No, not badly. It isn't always the worst injuries that give the most pain. I had a narrow escape, though. There were five of us, the rest are dead. I was in the store when I heard the shooting—"

"And where was Major Colfax?" interrupted the girl.

"The Major left sometime before to go to the fort for the purpose of consulting with Captain Marsh. The Indians saw him leave and that probably helped the matter along. They seemed to have some fear of him. They are looking for him."

"You were telling me about the fight."

"When I got to the foot of the stairs, for I was in my room, I saw the store filling with Indians. One who had been watching me, took deliberate aim, and I was sure my time had come, but providentially both barrels missed fire, and I succeeded in getting back up stairs, before they got their hands on me, though I had received this wound.

"Getting back up stairs, being wounded, was a painful task; and I threw myself on the bed, for I didn't expect to live long. I could hear them opening boxes and carrying stuff out of the building, and it suddenly dawned on me that they would burn the building and me with it. As quietly as I could, I arranged a rope so I could get out of the window; intending, in case they fired the building, to let myself down that way and take my chances of being shot, preferring to die that way rather than being roasted to death.

"I had been up there probably an hour when I heard the voice of an Indian I knew, inquiring for me and I felt safer. On being told that I was upstairs, he rushed up, followed by a number of others, and inquired if I was badly wounded. 'I don't know,' I said, 'it is bad enough.' Some of the others came up and took me by the hand and appeared sorry. Then they wanted to know where the guns were. I pointed to them and then they assisted me down.

"When we reached the foot of the stairs, some of the Indians cried out, 'Kill him! Spare no white people! Show mercy to no one!', My friend, who had no gun, siezed a hatchet and declared he would cut

down any one who attempted to do me further harm. They made way for us and we passed out; he procured a wagon and gave me over to some squaws who brought me here. On the way we were stopped by Indians who wanted to know what it meant that a white man was left alive. On being answered that it was Wakinyatawah's friend, they allowed us to pass, and later my friend came out here and dressed my wound."

"And you are the only one who escaped?"

"No others, that I know of, were taken prisoner. Some may have escaped by running into the woods, but I am afraid very few got away."

"What do you think they will do with us?"

"Well, that depends; if they succeed, which they they can't possibly do, they will probably kill all the prisoners. If they fail, as they certainly will, they will use the prisoners to buy terms with the government. The most you have to fear is the indignity that will be heaped on you and the hardships you will undergo."

"You say you are not considered a prisoner, Mr. Spencer?"

"I don't believe so; but however that is, it will be many days if not weeks before I can leave this cot. Do you know why you were not killed? I don't know whether you ought to feel glad on account of it, or feel sorry."

"I am sure we haven't the least idea; we expect to be killed as soon as we saw them kill the baby."

"You are spared by order of Black Eagle."

"What! The beast! How do you know?"

"You do not seem to appreciate his kindness."

"Nor would you if you understood what it all means."

"I can easily imagine. You must escape from here. It would be worse than death for you to fall into his hands."

"I will get away from here if I'm shot trying. We seem to be alone."

"You are closely watched. You didn't suspect it, did you?"

"I do not see anyone now, do you?"

He gave a low, peculiar whistle, and in an instant there were more than a dozen squaws surrounding the captives.

"Why that call?" said one.

"To see if squaws were all awake. White prisoners might run away."

"You see, ladies, they are not sleeping; but there is one chance of escape, and I will help you to it. Julia LaFrambois is in the camp."

"Oh, how fortunate. I know her. She has helped me before."

"But you mustn't know her when you meet her, and it is certain that she will pretend not to know you. Now this is my plan: She is not in sympathy with this massacre and is here only because she is safer than taking sides with the whites. I will have her come to me and will ask her to get you out of camp and to the fort; but mind you this: You must not know her, not the least bit. She must be the same to you as the other squaws. She mustn't be suspected. Now go away and don't come to see me again,

for it is all my life would be worth if they find out I have anything to do with this."

"Then we may thank you—"

"For heaven's sake, don't! Cry, can't you, or do anything—abuse me if you like, but don't appear pleased. They are watching us, and the expression of the face tells much."

Speaking so her voice would reach the squaws, Nell asked how long it would be before the warriors returned.

"Ask the squaws," replied the man in an irritated voice, "Why do you bother me?"

A short conversation was kept up in this way and both women made a pretense of weeping, when they left him; but though their eyes were dim with tears, their hearts were light.

Soon after they left Spencer called one of the squaws and had her send Julia LaFrambois to dress his wound.

"You are half Indian," he said, "and it will be better for you, if you do some good; for when the Indians are defeated only those who have been kind to the whites will have favor with the government, and I know that, while your father mixes with the Indians, he is helping the whites."

In this way he showed the girl how it was possible for her to put herself in a position to ask much at the hands of the white settlers, and to receive in accordance, and then he told her that he wanted her to get these two white women to the fort and to get them out of camp before morning. She was perfectly willing to take the risk, and she understood what it

would mean to fail. They could not say much without exciting suspicion, but the girl understood it all, and more particularly because she knew the women. When she left him, it was to begin preparations for the escape.

CHAPTER XXII.

Such was the beginning of the greatest massacre the United States has ever known. A massacre that in the extent of lives lost and the amount of property destroyed, was greater than all the Indian outrages up to that time.

Minnesota, the first state of the Northwest, just born into the Union, with prospects as flattering as those of any state that has ever entered the Union, was the theatre in which this tragedy in actual life was enacted. The tide of hardy, vigorous, intelligent emigrants, from all the countries of the world, were to be found there, until a thriving population of more than two hundred thousand souls had taken up their abode on her virgin soil.

Her crystal lakes, her wooded streams, her bewitching waterfalls, her island groves her lovely prairies, have added gems to an earthly paradise. Her streams were added adjuncts to the commerce of the world. Her abundant harvests and her fertile and enduring soil gave the husbandman the highest hopes of certain wealth. Her position in the track of the tidal human current sweeping across the continent to the Pacific coast, and thence around the globe, placed her forever on the highways of the nation.

But thus situated, lovely in her virgin youth, she had one dark spot resting on the horizon of her otherwise cloudless sky: The dusky savage dwelt in

the land And when all was peace—without a note of warning—that one dark spot, moved by the winds of savage hate, suddenly obscured the whole sky, and poured out to the bitter dregs the vials of its wrath, without mixture of mercy.

The blow fell like a storm of thunderbolts from the clear, bright heavens. The storm of fierce, savage murder, in its most horrid and frightful forms, rolled on. Day passed and night came;

"Down sank the sun, nor ceased the carnage there--

"Tumultuous horrors shook the midnight air,"

until the sad catalogue reached the fearful number of two thousand victims, from the gray-haired sire to the helpless infant of a day, who lay mangled and dead on the ensanguined field. The dead were left to bury the dead: for

"The dead reigned there alone."

In two days the whole work of murder was done, and during these days, this vast population, some on foot, some on horses, and some with teams of oxen, under the momentum of this panic were rushing frantically over the prairies to places of safety, either to the forts or large towns.

The unarmed men of the settlements offered no defense, and could offer none, but fled before the savage horde, each in his own way, to such places as the dictates of self preservation gave the slightest hopes of safety.

Some sought the protection of the nearest slough; others crawled into the high grass, hiding, in many instances, insight of the lurking foe. Children of tender years, hacked and beaten and bleeding, fled from

their natural protectors, now dead or disabled; and, by the aid of some trail of blood, or by the instinct of common nature, fled from the field of slaughter, cautiously crawling by night from the line of fire and smoke in the rear, looking for some sure haven of safety.

Thirty thousand people, panic-stricken, hurrying on to safety; in the highways and byways, now in the sloughs and now in the open prairies some famishing for water, and some dying for want of food; some barefooted, some in torn garments, and some entirely denuded of clothing; some by reason of wounds, crawling on their hands and dragging their torn limbs after them; all making their way over a country in which no white man could offer succor or administer consolation.

What indelible images were burned on the tablets of the souls of thousands of mothers bereft of their children by savage barbarity! What unavailing tears fell unseen to the ground from the scattered army of helpless infants, now reduced by cruel hands to a life of cheerless orphanage! How many for years lingered about the homes they loved, hiding from the keen-eyed Indian, awaiting the return of father, mother, brother, or friend that could never come again to their relief! The heart sickens in its contemplation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Little Crow's town, or village as the indiscriminate collection of tents was called, was located on the banks of a small stream, called by the white people Birch Coulee, it supplied the village with water, being the outlet of a large spring. Here were most of the women of the tribe, and the old men and children, in fact all who were not in a condition to go with the braves on the warpath.

They were mostly occupied in moulding bullets, and preparing meals for those who returned to get them; and guarding what few captives the more lenient Indians spared.

These captives were mostly women with a few children. None were saved who were likely to prove a hindrance in case of a hurried march, and if there were found to be any such in the party, they were quickly dispatched; thus it was that few infants were seen among the captives.

This Indian village consisted of tepees, as these Indians belonged to the blanket Indians, though Little Crow, professing to be a farmer Indian, had secured a house and other property from the government.

In the eyes of the other Indians, Little Crow was a great chief though he did not wear the feathers, and it was to his camp that most captives were taken. Being the first to be brought into camp, Katherine

and Nell were closely watched, and it was with many misgivings that the half-breed contemplated their rescue.

The fort was too distant to think of walking, and the savages were converging their forces about it, if reports were true; and besides, if she attempted to secure provisions for the journey, even if they were able to carry them, she would at once arouse suspicion.

All afternoon she turned the problem over in her mind and finally decided that the only hope lay in the direction of the river. When supper was to be served, she carried the meal to the two women and told them to be ready when she came for them; not to go to sleep and not to leave the tent at any time during the night, for at sometime she would call for them. "Now call me names," she said, "and order me away. You must do it," she said when the women began to protest, "they are watching us."

The women did the best they could, and with much protesting on the part of the half-breed at the ill treatment, she left.

The food was not touched at that time, but was carefully stored, hidden in the folds of the dresses: and when darkness, deep and almost impenetrable, had settled over the camp, and a slow, mist-like rain began to fall, the back part of the tent was raised and a voice whispered, "Come. Say nothing!"

They passed unmolested to the river. It was nearly an hour's walk, but the path was direct and unguarded. The half-breed was some distance in advance of the others, and had warned them that if she

made an exclamation of any kind they were to hide at the side of the path, for she would make no sound unless she met Indians. Nothing happened, however, and they were soon in the boat quietly making their way down the river; they found themselves opposite the fort soon after midnight.

They could hear the sentry call the hour, and this also enabled them to know where they were. It frightened the women, and they could not hide their fear as they inquired of the half-breed if she knew where they were.

"Almost there," she replied. "Be quiet."

Then she shoved the boat out into the river and made for the other side, much to the surprise of the white women.

"Why did you come here?" asked Nell, as the boat stopped in the darkest place on that side.

"To talk," replied the half-breed. "Now, I am going to run the boat up to the other bank and get out and see if we can get to the fort. We might keep on down the river to New Ulm, but we don't know whether that has been burned or not, so I think it is best to try and get to the fort; but if I don't get back to you by the time the guard calls the next hour, you must not wait for me but must keep on down the river to New Ulm. By following the current you cannot fail to get there in time, but as soon as it gets light you had better leave the river and make your way as best you can through the woods. It will be your only chance. There are Indians at the ferry and in the woods about the fort, I saw them. While I am gone you must be quiet and wait."

Silently they worked the boat up stream and landed at a point nearest the fort, and the two women watched the half-breed disappear in the dark, with hearts that were faint with fear. She was gone but a few minutes, though to the weary women it seemed hours.

"Indians all about the fort," she whispered. "Come. Keep still!"

Without another word, they passed through the thick brush and vines. Katherine yielding her boy reluctantly to the strong arms of the half-breed, and in a short time they found themselves in the open space at the foot of the hill on which stood the fort; but it was so dark that nothing could be seen and only an occasional sound made it possible for them to get the direction. Here they rested until the sentry called the hour, and then sure that they were right, they began the ascent to the fort.

Nothing had happened to cause alarm and they began to feel secure in their flight, until they came to the opening which surrounded the stockade. The eastern sky was tinted with the early colors of dawn, and in a short time objects would be discernable at a distance. Should they attempt to reach the fort and risk being shot by the sentry, or wait till daylight and risk being shot by the Indians? It was risk either way; but they were not to decide the question. Voices were heard in the woods and the half-breed recognized the Sioux language.

"There were three in the boat," she heard one say.

This determined her. She grasped the child,

knowing that its mother would follow. "Come," she said and made a dash for the fort.

A flash was seen in the darkness of the woods and a shot whistled over their heads, before they had covered half the distance. "Down," said the half-breed, and they all fell to the ground in time to escape a volley from the fort.

Here they lay until daylight, not daring to lift their heads above the grass.

In the fort there was much agitation, for an attack had been constantly expected; but when an hour had passed and it was full daylight and nothing more was heard or seen, Major Colfax called for men to go with him to see what was concealed in the grass, fully expecting to find dead or shamming Indians.

"Nell, as I live!" he exclaimed, as the three arose at his approach. "What does this mean? Keep watch of the woods, men, until I get these women to the fort."

Weary and stiff from their trip and sick with fear, the grateful women were conducted to safety, and were soon sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion.

The fort was filled with refugees but there were few men among them, and it required all of these to guard the place day and night; so it was nearly noon before the Major found time to inquire after the women he had rescued. They had somewhat recovered from their fatigue and welcomed him most heartily.

After the story of the capture and escape had been told and Nell had satisfied herself that the Major

had escaped the massacre at the agency without a scratch, Katherine claimed his attention.

"Major, can you tell me anything of my husband?" she asked.

"I am sorry that I can't. All I can say is that New Ulm is safe and well guarded. If he is in the city, he is safe. A courier is going over there today, and I will have him carry word to your husband that you and Nell are here; but you mustn't expect him to come to you, for it is all a man's life is worth outside the fortifications; and so many men have gone to the south that the Indians have things pretty much their own way."

"I was right, wasn't I, Major, about taking those men away?" said Nell.

"You can say, I told you so, this time without fear of contradiction, Nell. You were a good judge of conditions."

"May I write a letter and send it with the courier?" asked Katherine.

"Yes, if you like, but you will have to hurry, for he was on the point of leaving when I let him to come here."

Left alone with Nell he was given a detailed report of the capture and of the escape, and the part the half-breed had played in getting the two to the fort. The Major at once wrote a letter and giving it to the half-breed, told her that if she was ever in a position where she needed a favor from the government, to present the letter to its representative and he would guarantee she would receive whatever she asked, if it was within reason.

"I am afraid, Nell, this is not the safest place for you and the rest of the women. It isn't within the bounds of reason to suppose the Indians will let this fort go without an attempt to take it, and then we will have some fighting; so far we have not been molested."

"Safe! It is as safe for me as it is for you, is it not?"

"Yes, as far as that goes, but does that make it better for you?"

"Well, I am glad I am here. I would rather be here than in the safest place in the United States, as long as you are here."

The Major had no answer for this speech. He simply stooped and kissed her. "You are a dear, good girl, Nell," was all he said.

"How many men have you, George?"

"A few more than a hundred, and scarcely guns for that many."

"I wish I had my rifle," said the girl.

"Your rifle! You don't mean that you would take a hand in the fighting?"

"Haven't I cause; and if the men get killed, the women will have to fight. I've shot one Indian, and I think I can shoot most as well as some of the men you have."

"Most of our men know very little about the use of a gun. They may be the best of farmers but they are not the best of shooters."

"So I should think from the way they shot this morning. I was right glad of it."

"It was a narrow escape for you."

"You are not going to forbid me taking part in the defense of this fort, are you?"

"God forbid that you should, Nell. War is not for women. Even the savages recognize that. We will do the best we can, and there will be no giving up, for every man knows that no quarter will be given by the savages."

"Let us hope they will not attack. There has been none of them in sight so far, today."

"No fear of them showing their heads until they mean business. But I must go and look after the men. I am on duty, and it requires some attention to see that everything is in fighting shape."

"Please don't take any risks, George. You know I have only you and Katherine, now."

"I will be careful for your sake, little girl, and pray God that we may all come out of this safely."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Late in the evening of that day, one of the men came to the Major and saluted in an awkward manner, as though he were trying to get into his bearing some of the dignity of a soldier, though as a fact few of the men were considered as soldiers. They were there for mutual protection, and submitted to discipline of necessity.

"We have a prisoner in the guardhouse, Major," he said.

"What kind of a prisoner? The orders were to take no prisoners."

"But this is not an Indian."

"What! a white man! Impossible, no white man could be so low as ally himself with this murdering lot of savages. Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. He was with a party of Indians, which came within a short distance of the fort and stole some horses. He won't talk to us but persists in wanting to see you."

"Tell him I will see him. Stay! bring him here."

The prisoner was brought in. He was dressed not unlike the Indians, but one glance was sufficient to tell that he was not of that nation. The Major recognized him at once but showed no signs of it; as he rightly judged the man did not want to be known, for a purpose.

"Leave him with me," said the Major.

A look of surprise passed over the faces of the men, but they withdrew without a word.

"Now, Joe, we are alone. I am glad to see you for I knew you had a purpose in being arrested as soon as I saw you, and learned how you came to be in the fort."

"My daughter is here, is she not?"

"Yes, we brought her in this morning. She is all right."

"Good! But I knew she would get through without harm. She is as good as any of them, and quite as able to take care of herself. But that is not what I came here to see you for. I wanted to let you know that this place is in danger."

"We are expecting an attack, Joe."

"You can't be expecting what is coming. It is much worse than anything you or I have been looking for."

"Whatever it is, Joe, I don't know as there is much we can do but to stay right here and do the best we can."

"You are to be attacked, and by more than five hundred Indians."

"My God, Joe! You can't be in earnest!" Said the Major, jumping to his feet. "We have only a handful of men here."

"You have sent for more."

"Yes; how did you know it?"

"I don't know only what the Indians say. So Little Crow was right. He told me you had and he is concentrating his men. They will attempt to take New Ulm today. If they fail they will be here tomorrow."

row. If they succeed, they will let this go and continue down the river. I have something to tell you, but it must not be known that it comes from me; I am suspected, as it is and watched like a wolf. You remember some time ago, before the trouble at the agency, a band of nearly a hundred Indians came to the entrance of the fort and ask permission to dance in the enclosure, and you refused it?"

"Yes."

"That was the wisest thing you ever did. I was with them. They made me go. You thought them unarmed?"

"Well, I had my suspicions."

"They weren't. You had only a few men in the fort, and they knew it; but you had much ammunition, and that is what they wanted. The scheme was fixed up by Little Crow and they were to dance for a time and when they were near the fort, the dance was to suddenly cease and a general massacre was to follow.

"They were not discouraged by your refusal, for nearly all of the garrison, came out to see the dance which was held outside and they could have easily murdered them all. The only thing that prevented them from cleaning you out was the big gun. All the time they were dancing, that gun was pointed at them, and when they left, they hid in the woods and in the night they came back, but there was the gun and the same man standing at it, ready to fire."

"Are you sure of that, Joe?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Then it must have been Sergeant Jones. He

said he was up all of that night, but I doubt if he knows what a service he has rendered us."

"If they had succeeded at that time," continued the trapper, "this massacre would have been easier work for them, but they failed. That is why the first disturbance at the agency was no worse."

"You mean the time they came down for their money?"

"Yes, it was part of the plan. After the dance failed, they had to make new plans. I was at their last meeting, and tried to warn some of the people, but the settlers wouldn't believe me. The orders they have are to spare no white person. Little Crow says if they can get the fort and the ammunition, they can easily kill off all the whites and get their land back. Now they don't care so much for the fort, if they can take New Ulm; but if they fail there, they are to come here and do their worst."

"You don't know how they will approach the fort, do you? Will it be from the river?"

"No!" said the trapper with some disdain.

"Surely not from the prairie?"

"I see you are not posted on the situation of the fort. It is the easiest place ever made to capture. There is a ravine that runs up from the river on the north, filled with brush and trees. It is deep enough to shelter several hundred men, and you can't train your guns into it. It is their plan to come up there, though some will come from the prairie side to mislead you."

"You are right, Joe. That is a dangerous point. It practically makes the fort useless. There are no

stockades there, at least none to withstand an attack. It must be strengthened."

"You have little time."

"We will make the best of the time we have, I assure you."

"Well, I guess I have told all I have to say. I am in a bad place. I have much sympathy for the Indians, because of the way they have been treated, but I can't sit still and see them murder innocent white people. Now, I must be put under guard and allowed to make my escape, for I want to get to New Ulm. The trees are full of Indians and they know every move that is made in this place. I must be allowed to escape."

"Yes, I understand, and the guard will have his instructions. But won't you see your daughter?"

"No."

"She can be brought here and no one will see her."

"Better not. Tell her to keep out of sight. They will scalp her if they catch her."

"She does keep out of sight. I don't believe she has been seen once."

"I thought she would know what would be best for her."

"She has done us a great service and both she and you will be remembered for it when this thing is settled. We as well as all the rest of the people here are under lifelong obligations to you for what you are doing. I suppose I will not see you again so I will bid you good-bye."

The two men parted and the Major gave his at-

tention to plans for strengthening the fort. He called in Sergeant Jones and the two were in consultation for some time, but it was apparently impossible to do anything without heavy timbers, and they could only be obtained from the woods at the risk of death to those who undertook to get them. During the consultation Nell was admitted. She was very much agitated and evidently was surprised to find company with the Major.

"You will pardon me for interrupting you, Major," she said, "but there is something you should see at once."

"What is it, Nell?"

"Come with me."

She took him to a place where a view could be had looking over the valley in the direction of New Ulm, and pointed to a cloud of dust visible above the tree tops. It needed no explanation to the officer.

"It has come quicker than I thought it would," he said.

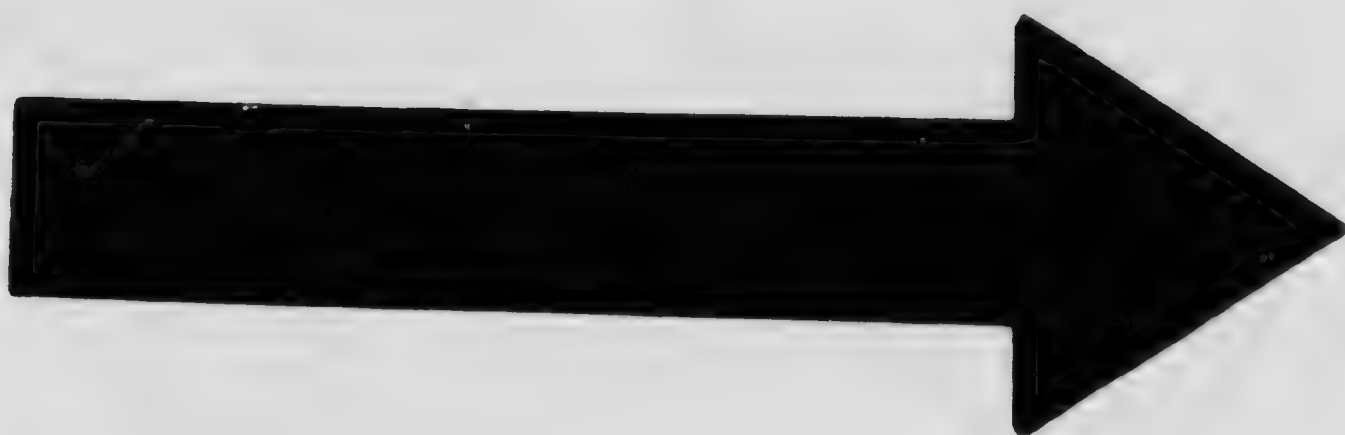
"What do you make it out to be, Major?"

"It is either the relief I sent for, or it is the Indians."

"It is Indians, Major," said the sergeant. "The relief would come from the other direction on the St. Peter road."

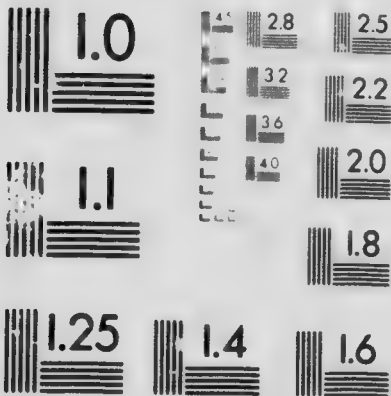
"If it is Indians, sergeant, then God help us all. I hope you are wrong."

There was no time to waste in speculation, and hurrying about the fort, orders were given to see that things were as secure as they possibly could be, after which the officer scarcely had reached his quarters



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART #2 - 2



APPLIED IMAGE Inc.

2500 University Ave. East
 Rochester, New York 14609-1100
 (716) 482-4400
 FAX (716) 482-4401

when there was a report of fire arms, and the pickets came flying to shelter.

Men were formed in line of battle, as though it was expected the Indians would advance in formation against the fort. As they were standing in this position awaiting orders, there was another volley from the concealed foe, which had approached to within a few rods of the outer part of the fort, and three of the defenders fell to the ground. The rest broke ranks and, seeking shelter behind boxes and buildings, pursued the Indian method of fighting, shooting only when there was a mark and then shooting to kill.

An harrassing fire continued all afternoon without advantage to the Indians, until they began to fire burning arrows into the fort. Everything was dry, and the straw roofs of some of the buildings easily caught fire, and when water was wanted to extinguish the blaze, the awful discovery was made that there was but little in the fort, and no way of getting more.

This alarming condition caused consternation. There was nothing to do but keep quiet and endure what the savages had to give. Night came and found the garrison dreading what the hours would bring forth, but in the midst of their fears, the windows of heaven opened and rain fell in torrents, extinguishing all the fires and preventing more.

A great sigh of relief went up from the besieged, and during the night a well was dug. Before this the supply of water for the fort was brought from a just outside the enclosure and now in possession of the savages.

During the early morning an arrow was shot into the fort, coming, apparently from the top of a tree. It buried its point in the wooden side of one of the buildings and quivered for some time, so great was the force that drove it. There it remained and while it was noticed by many, being the only one fired, no one dared expose himself to examine it, for it was evident that a well-directed shot would pick off the one who would get in so conspicuous a place.

No more shots followed, and the sharp eyes of the half-breed discovered that the arrow had a piece of paper wrapped about it, and she immediately concluded that it carried a message, but of all persons, she dared not get in sight. Telling her conclusions to Nell, the fearless girl went boldly to the arrow and breaking it off, returned unharmed. There was a message and it read, "Tell Major Colfax this is only a small party coming from the repulse at New Ulm. The attack will be made tomorrow or next day. All safe at N. U. Joe."

The note brought joy to the garrison as well as deep fear.

"Would the relief arrive in time?" was the question asked by all.

during the entire night and most of the following day the rain continued to fall, but the next night the stars looked down clear and peacefully on the tired and vigilant command.

The day passed, and still there was no sign of the relief and it began to be felt that as long as there had been no attack, perhaps the relief had fallen in with the Indians and had routed them. But this did

deter preparations for a siege and attack. Sacks of earth and sacks of grain were placed about to afford shelter for the men, and all buildings were covered with earth to prevent conflagration.

Early in the morning the attack came.

Like swarms of bees, the savages poured up the ravine and commenced a furious and determined assault.

On they came in a seemingly never-ending procession, painted in their hideous war-paint, yelling like so many demons let loose from the bottomless pit; but the brave men in the fort, realizing that to be taken meant certain death to themselves and all in the fort, fought with a determination born of despair.

The main attack was against the side next to the ravine—the most vulnerable part of the fort. So bold and defiant were the Indians that it seemed as if they were determined to rush right into the fort; but as they swept up and around the head of the ravine, they were met with such a deadly fire of musketry that poured from the openings in the buildings, that they beat a hasty retreat and found shelter in the woods and low land, and it was evident a consultation was in progress.

"I just can't stand it any longer," said Nell. "I am not going to stay cooped up here. I am going to do some shooting."

"You, Nell!" exclaimed Katherine. "I wish you wouldn't. It is dangerous to be exposed as you will have to be."

"It is more dangerous to stay here, and it looks

as if there were enough of them to take two or three forts like this. I don't intend to be taken alive, if I can help it."

Picking up a gun that had belonged to one of the men killed the day before, and taking with it the ammunition, she soon found a place where she could see the foe with comparative safety, and throughout the engagement did as valiant work as any of the men.

Soon after the first repulse, the savages rallied and took possession of the stables and out-buildings on the south side, from which they poured a terrific fire into the frame buildings of the fort. The artillery could be used here to good advantage, and with shells and canister shot they were soon driven from this refuge, most of the buildings being destroyed by fire.

The scene now became grand and terrific. The flames and smoke, the wild and demonical yells of the Indians, the roaring of the cannon, the screaming of the shells as they hurtled through the air, the sharp crack of the rifle, and the unceasing rattle of musketry presented an exhibition that filled them all with awe in its awful magnificence and terrible reality.

The loss to the Indians in killed and wounded was never known, but must have been heavy; while that to the besieged, light as it was, greatly weakened their force.

In this emergency, Katherine, forgetting all danger, became a Florence Nightingale. Binding up the bleeding wounds of the fallen, carrying to their parched lips the sweet draughts of water; she became

an angel of mercy, and in the ministering to others forgot for a time the sorrow that was pressing so heavily on her own heart.

Going from point to point, Major Colfax at last came across Nell crouched behind some heavy timbers. As he came up she had just fired her piece, and he heard her say, "'nother."

"You here, Nell?" he exclaimed.

"And why not? Did you see him fall? He was in that high tree there. I don't believe he will shoot again."

"You are doing good work, Nell; but this is no place for you. It is a place hardly fit for the strongest men."

"I have put six of them out of commission. Have you a man with a better record?"

"I don't believe I have, but won't you go to a safer place and let some man come here? It is the most expose place in the fort."

"Am I not as good as—look out!"

But the warning came too late. A bullet had passed through the front of the officer's cap close enough to burn the flesh and he threw his hand to his head as he staggered back.

The Indian who had fired the shot gave a whoop that was heard above the din of the strife. It was his last, for the girl fired as soon as he exposed himself, and from that time on, he was numbered among the good Indians.

Turning to the fallen officer disregarding all danger, she knelt at his side, but was soon convinced that he was not seriously injured; indeed, he was

about to rise when she warned him to crawl to shelter, and when they were both in a safe place, they laughed, to relieve the tension of fear that had held them for the moment.

"Oh, I'm so glad! I mean I am glad it was no worse, or no closer. He was not a very poor shot, was he?"

"Not so good as you are, I believe. Did you get him?"

"Yes, he has gone to keep the others company. Now, please go and look after the men; it is getting late and quite dark and there is no telling what the Indians will do when we are unable to see them."

"They are cowards, and I don't believe they will do much. They are as afraid of the cannon here as they are of the evil spirits."

"How quiet it is," said the girl.

"That's so; I had not noticed that the noise had stopped, though there was enough of it to nearly drive one crazy."

"You are going to see why it is, aren't you?"

"Yes; good-bye. I don't need to warn you to be careful, Nell; but do, please keep under shelter. I think I will send a man out to see what the devils are up to."

"Don't do that George. He would be killed at once. Tell them to keep their eyes open."

"We will see; perhaps some of them know what is going on."

"The garrison spent a sleepless night, but the morning brought joy, for when the sun began to gild the tree tops that fringed the bank of the Minnesota,

watchers called out that the relief was coming; and soon the flag of the nation could be seen waving over the marching hosts, and the weary garrison gave cheer after cheer as they came within hailing distance.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Wenona," said a young man to the fairest of the maidens that dwelt in the village of Little Crow. "I have known you for many years. I speak your language. You are fairest of the young women of the Sioux nation; I want you for my wife."

The Indian maiden hung her head for a second, and then raised herself with queenly mein and looking the man in the eye said: "I am the daughter of a chief. I have much lands, and, as the Indians count it, much money. The braves of my nation come to me with offers the same as you. They mean what they say. White men have come to other daughters of the Sioux with fair promises and smooth words. They say: 'Be my wife,' but they do not mean it. They forget, and when they are tired of their squaw wife, they leave her and seek the fairer women of the east. Are there none of the fair women whom the white man would marry, or does he seek to play with the daughter of the Sioux chief as other white men have done before him to other poor Indian girls?"

"Have they done this, Wenona? What a pretty name you have, but it is not nearly as pretty as yourself."

"Why do you talk that way? You know what the other white men have done. They are deceivers; they are liars, and they do not care what they say or do to the Indian girls. Are you better?"

"Hear me, Wenona. I have traveled much, and I have not seen in the whole world one I love as I do you. Do you know what love is?"

"I know what it is to have my heart beat like the water at the falls, and to feel happy when you are near and sad when you are away. Each spring I have seen the birds mate and sing their songs over their little ones in their nest. I have known that your smile has been to me the sweetest drink that my soul could take in, and to be near you just for a little time, if it were all I could have in life would seem to be all that I would want. Do I know what love is? Let no white man come to the home of the Sioux and ask her that. For the one she loves, the Sioux maid would give her life and then return to earth to die once more, if it were possible."

"And you would do all this for me, Wenona?"

"If I could know for sure that you were worthy of it."

"Let me but marry you, and I will prove to you that I am all that you could desire. I will take you to my home in the east and make you queen of a land so much finer than this that you will forget your riches here and be so happy—O I can't tell you how happy you will be."

"The Indian does not forget. She loves her wooded home and the tents of her people. The leaves of the trees make music to her ears and the birds sing sweet songs to her. The stars speak of the great hunting ground where are no more wars or strife and where men are honest and true. She does not long for the big houses of the white man."

"Then, Wenona, I will become as you are; live as you do; your happiness will be my happiness; your ways my ways. I will hunt the buffalo, and the venison will I lay at the door of your tent and at night the stars shall speak to your slumbers sweet dreams of me, for all my life shall be yours. Our nest shall be in the sweet woods and the dews of night shall not touch you; summer will melt the snows of winter and the rains of the spring time bring forth from the ground all the flowers that it yields and I will spend all my time gathering them to adorn the home of the fairest of all the Sioux maidens.

"Say you will be mine, Wenona, can't you? Won't you? It is a little thing for you to do, and yet to me it is the greatest thing on earth. Is there nothing I can say or do; nothing I can give? See, I am giving you all—everything I have! Be my wife, Wenona, do."

He had drawn nearer the girl as he pleaded with her, and as he finished he attempted to put his arms about her but she withdrew, not as though she repulsed him; but as one who was sorry.

"If I obeyed my heart," she said, "I would do as you say, but if I obey the wisdom of those who have tasted of the flattery of the white man, and drank of the bitter cup of disappointment as some of my sisters have done, then I would turn from you and hear no more of the smooth words that are so pleasing to the ear."

"Then obey your heart, Wenona. Is not your own heart a better judge of these things than the

idle tales of your sisters? I would not deceive you. how could I? You know that, don't you? Come, then, my heart is lonely and my tent awaits you."

"The white men have long deceived the Indian girls," she said; "just as they have deceived the Indian men. From the men they have taken their hunting grounds, robbed them of their money, despoiled them of their lands and brought misery into their camps. They are cheated in their trades and are taught to drink that which makes them madmen. The young maidens they rob of their virtue, and desert them in their need, and when they cry out for justice, they are answered, always, with a bitter laugh."

"Have I treated you so, Wenona? Is it just for you to make me base as those who have come among you with the voice of a bird and the sting of a snake?"

"I dare not trust you, not yet. You come from a lying race. Go to the Chippewas, they do not care. Their price is a smooth word and a lying tongue. The white man is good to look on, and oh, I do so want to trust him, but something tells me to beware. A Sioux would not desert his tribe. When its warriors go to battle, he goes with them. He does not remain behind with the women. All my people are at war with yours. Through the trees even now you may hear the noise of battle. Your people will kill mine, for there are more of them; then we will have no power. Do you not care that your people are being killed?"

"I have no people, Wenona mine," he said,

"Your people are my people. Have I not been with them for the past three years? I will fight your battles, and I will die with your braves, only say you will be my wife."

"I can't, not now. Wait; come to me tomorrow. I will be here." Then she turned from him to enter her tent.

The fugitive braves from the defeat at Ft. Ridgely came into the village late that night and with them the chiefs. Not a word was said. Sadness brooded over them all like a dark cloud and it hung heavy. The greatest of the plans of Little Crow had failed; he saw that he was not able to cope with the whites in open warfare, even though he had overwhelming numbers of men; they had proven themselves arrant cowards.

There was to be a council of the leaders for the purpose of devising some means of outwitting the white forces. Preparations for this had been completed and it only awaited the arrival of certain chiefs to begin, when Wenona called her father into the tent to tell him the proposition made by Reynolds.

The chief was filled with anger and accused the girl of treachery in letting him leave the village. Then his expression changed. "Come to me after the council," he said.

Reynolds had arrived at the trading post some years previous to this, representing Chicago interests and had spent most of his time among the Indians, so that he was known to most of them; and, while they were no hostile to him, they had caught him in

several crooked deals and had learned to distrust him. He had no particular affection for the girl he professed to love. The old chief knew this, and the daughter was so fearful of it that no sentiment would drive it from her heart.

"Tell him," said the chief after the council, "that there is to be a big battle fought; that the Indians are going to burn New Ulm and all the people are to be killed. If he would have you for a wife, tell him to go to that place and find out its defense; how many guns they have, and the easiest way to get in. Then, if he succeeds, tell him he must fight with us until the white people are driven to the other side of the Mississippi. He is a liar and a cheat. He will deceive you. If he gets this information and gets into battle with us, he will be killed; if not by his white friends, by some of us."

"Oh, I cannot do that!" replied the girl. "Is there not some way besides that? He has done nothing wrong. You will spare his life for my sake, will you not?"

"You will do as I command, Wenona, or you have not the heart of an Indian. What is he to you? Other white men have married Indian girls. Are any of them fighting the battles of the Indian? Not one. But the Indians have to take care of the squaws and their children, who are neither Indian or white, and the father of them goes to other places where he has other wives. He does not deserve to live, and if he does not perform this mission, he will never leave this camp alive."

"I will do it, father. He must do as you say; but

spare his life. I will not marry him; an Indian brave is better. I fear he is not over anxious to get into danger."

Early the next morning the girl sent one of the boys of the camp to Reynolds.

"You sent for me, Wenona?" he said. "Then am I to be made happy or miserable?"

"It is for you to say, Mr. Reynolds," replied the girl. "I sent for you to ask you if you are willing to prove your love for me at the risk of forfeiting your life?"

"Have I not said I would—that I would do anything you asked?"

"Not so fast. Hear me to the end, and then answer. I am only an ignorant Indian girl. I have not the wisdom of the white people. So many of my sisters have been deceived I do not know whether the words of my lover are true or false. Our braves are ready to make any sacrifice, in the test of bravery for the hand of the girl they would marry, and if you will undertake a test of this kind and return to me, I will go to your lodge, for then I shall know that you are true."

"You have only to name the conditions, Wenona."

"My father tells me there is to be a great battle fought tomorrow, between our people and yours. It is to be at New Ulm. You know of the defeat at Ft. Ridgely. Our men were cowards there. They fought against women and didn't know it. Soldiers have come to the fort now and it is impossible to take that place until after New Ulm is taken."

"And how am I interested in all this? Must I fight my own people?"

"For me, yes."

"And how," inquired Reynolds, in some alarm.

"You must go to the fort, learn the strength of that place, and then go on to New Ulm, find out how that city is protected, and the easiest way to attack it. You will then return and meet the warriors, who will be under command of my father, between the fort and New Ulm, and will give your information to him. He will wait for you."

"What guarantee have I that I will not be murdered with the rest of the whites? Has not the word gone out that none of the whites are to be spared?"

"You have my word; is not that sufficient?"

"You questioned the honor of the white people to me yesterday, and I am frank to tell you that I have very little faith in the Indians who are on the war path. Your word is enough for me as far as your influence goes, but when I leave this place you no longer hold any influence over the men with whom I will have to deal."

"It is all that I can do. You can refuse to go."

"You are asking me to do a hard thing, Wenona; harder than you know. Is there no other way?"

"There is none. Your life is spared for this service, at my request. If you perform it and return you will live; and you may ask from me what you will and I will grant your request. If you do not do this, not even I can save your life. You will be watched until you enter the fort and when you leave it, you will be followed to New Ulm. You see that you have

but one choice and that is to become a traitor to your people in the interest of mine. If your love can measure the cost of all this, and the reward is worth it, you will find me waiting here when your duty is done."

"Great God! Wenona, you are asking too much. Suppose your people fail; what, then, is to become of me?"

"You are not to think of failure. This is to be the last battle of the Indians to recover their lands from the whites; if we fail, all will be lost, and you will be one of us in our misfortune as well as in our prosperity. You have said that my people should be your people; now prove it, and go at once, for the time is very short and you have a long distance to travel."

"And you have no farewell for me? There are tears in your eyes! Do you care so much then that you weep at a short separation?"

"It is not for the short separation. We will never meet again."

"You doubt me, then. You will find that I will be as true to you as the best of the warriors, and I will lay at your feet the city your father is so determined upon taking."

"She suffered him to come to her and putting his arm about her waist, he bent to her upturned face and kissed her, though he was at a loss to understand why she should cry so.

"Go! go! she exclaimed. You will hardly have time to get to those places before the warriors do."

"Wait for me here, Wenona. I will return to you."

For a time the fellow really believed he did love the Indian maiden, but as soon as he was away from her and the full meaning of what he had done came to him, he laughed and believed that he had but to return to her and she would fall into his arms.

CHAPTER XXVI

Reynolds was torn between two conditions; he dared not desert the path marked out for him by the Indians, and the crime of betraying his own people assumed such proportions that he could not bring himself to face the result. Was he caught either in the fort or at New Ulm, not having delivered his message, he well knew what fate to expect.

As he rode on toward the fort, for he was mounted on a fleet pony, he turned these things over in his mind and decided to remain true to his promise to the Indian girl, for he reasoned that it would be easier to fool the white people, after the trouble was settled, than it would be to satisfy the Indians that he was loyal, if it transpired that he was captured, and had failed to report to the chief. It was not for any consideration he had for the girl that he pursued this course. Once only did he catch sight of those who were following him, but that was sufficient to convince him that he was not playing at a game of chance.

It was still some time before noon when he rode into the fort. The excitement of the arrival of the relief had not subsided, and so many strangers being there made it easy for Reynolds to acquire the information he wanted.

"Could I have a glass of water?" he said to a young lady busily engaged in caring for the sick and wounded.

"Yes, sir," she said, looking up from the sufferer she was attending.

The man was startled. He looked at her, and stared so that she exclaimed: "What is it? Are you ill?"

"Am I dreaming, Katherine? Is it you? I am glad to meet you again after so many years," and he extended his hand to give her greeting.

A change came over the face of Katherine when she recognized who it was who addressed her. A change that showed to Reynolds that he was not remembered with a great degree of warmth.

"How did you come here, George?" she said, not noticing his extended hand. "You were not here during the battle, and you did not come with the troops?"

"I—that is; I just came in from the north, and was afraid to remain on the outside. Are you not glad to see me?"

"Should I be glad, after what you did for me—for my father?"

"What I did! I don't understand you."

"Did you ever lose a locket with my picture in it?"

"Sure I did. I have often wondered if it was ever found. I lost it at the little party we had at your house the last time I saw you—the night the mill burned. I always believed it fell off my chain in your house, and that you might have it."

"And you never thought enough of it to inquire for it?"

"Well, you know, Katherine, things changed so

suddenly after that, that I had no opportunity, and then you left the city and I went north, and I never learned where you were."

"Is that the truth, George Reynolds?"

There was that in the tone of the women that made the man shrink, but he put on a bold front and answered in the firmest of tones:

"As I live, Katherine, it is the truth."

"Then you were not at the mill when it burned?"

"At the mill! no. Why should I be there? Who said I was there? I started for the scene of the fire, but I reasoned there would be plenty of help there, for I knew that if the fire got a start, it would be impossible to save anything, so I waited until morning. I believe I was the first there after daylight, at least the place was nearly deserted except by some of the men who had been employed there."

"You were there before that, George."

"How do you know?"

"I saw you."

"Never! you could not. It is impossible."

"But I did; from my bedroom window."

"You are mistaken, Katherine; it was dark and you must have seen someone who resembled me, but not me."

"Ah, but that is not all. I was among the first to arrive, and I picked up the locket you lost just where you stooped to light the fire. How could you do it, George, when we all thought so much of you? See what misery you have brought on us all."

"Did not your father discharge me, and deprive of the means of making a living? He was no better

than the rest of us, and I wanted to get even with him. I was sorry the moment I did it, but there was oil on the wood and I could not put the fire out; and I suppose it was when I was trying to whip it out that the locket was torn from my chain. It was to see if I could find it that I returned there, and when it could not be found, I was so alarmed that I at once left the city and have since buried myself among the Indians."

"I cannot see how you could do it."

"Does anyone else know of this, Katherine?"

"None but myself."

"You have kept quiet all these years, and for me; and you will continue to do so?"

"For the sake of the past, I will. It can do no good to expose you now. Father has never complained. He believes it was the rats; that some of the men left matches where they could get at them and they set the fire."

"Katherine, I loved you then, better than I have ever loved anybody, and why I did that base act I do not know. I cannot ever ask you to respect me and can hardly hope to be forgiven. God knows I have often enough regretted it. Have you been happy, Katherine?"

"As happy as Heinrich and the children could make me; but I do not know at this time if he is alive. My baby lies unburied in the weeds beside the road near New Ulm; my little boy I have here. Oh, the cruelty of these merciless savages?"

"Your parents; are they living?"

"They are in New Ulm and I cannot say what their fate has been."

"I must have a good many friends in this neighborhood."

"All of the old Chicago colony are here, that is in and about New Ulm."

"And Miss Nell, is she still with you?"

"She is here. She has been on the firing line, I believe they call it, for the past few days. The Major tells me she does more effective service than many of the men."

"The Indians told me they were fighting women."

"Then you come from the Indians! How did you escape? I am glad that they had reason to recognize that one white woman is superior to several braves. Nell is a good shot. But I can't understand how you could be with them so recently and live to tell of it."

"You escaped, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was helped out by a young squaw who foolishly fell in love with me. Does Miss Nell know anything of that Chicago affair?"

"No."

"Then you alone hold my honor in your hands."

"Your honor! Don't speak to me of honor; for the sake of your mother I have buried the past. See that you do nothing to make the future more unpromising."

"May I see Miss Nell?"

"She is sleeping. It has been a hard night for her. You will be here all afternoon, and then I think she will be pleased to see you."

"Very well. I will not keep you longer from

helping these poor fellows. I am glad I met you, Katherine. Good-bye."

He looked about the fort and wondered how it was possible for the little garrison to hold out against the unequal numbers that went up against it. There is but one way of accounting for it, he argued, the Indians are cowards or else they lacked a leader. He passed out of the fort and was soon on his way to the doomed city of New Ulm.

There he found things in a dreadful state of confusion. The main streets had been barricaded and defenses prepared in various places and the whole city had the appearance of being in readiness for a long siege.

He was the first to arrive from the fort and the news he brought encouraged the citizens in the belief that in case of an attack they would be successful.

It was one of the hottest days of the hottest time of the year, and as he strolled about the place debating as to the course he would pursue, he came face to face with William Schmidt. Time had aged the latter so that Reynolds did not recognize him, but the older man was quick to recognize the man who had worked for him.

"Well, George, how are you!" he exclaimed.

The young man looked up in surprise. "This is Mr.—can it be Mr. Schmidt?"

"The same, sir; the same. Am I so changed that you cannot recognize me?"

"Time has not dealt lightly with you, Mr. Schmidt. You look much older, yet I see you are the same old friend."

"Just the same, George. Come up to my house with me. My wife will be glad to see you. Strange, isn't it, how trouble brings us all together again, just as it separated us in Chicago."

"You look as though you had prospered here, Mr. Schmidt," said Reynolds, as he entered the large brick house, and glad of an opportunity to change the subject.

"Yes, we have lived very happily until this massacre, which has robbed us of our daughter and her children."

"Don't say that you have lost them; for I saw Katherine this morning; she is well and has her boy with her; the infant, she said was killed."

"Thank heaven she is spared. You bring us the best news that we have heard. Is she at the fort, George?"

"Yes; she told me she had sent a letter to you. I presume it was intercepted."

"I expect so. It is as much as a man's life is worth to go outside the city, and I don't see how you have been allowed to get through. Didn't you see any of the savages?"

"None, except a few who were some distance behind me."

"Are they all safe at the fort?"

"I believe so. They repulsed a large body of the savages there two days ago. They had a close call, but since then a large body of mounted men has arrived and there is little danger of them not being able to hold out against all of the savages in this part of the country."

"Good! good! If we only had more guns and ammunition here, there would be little to fear, but we are not well supplied and the last attack was a severe strain on our little store."

"How many men have you?"

"Not more than a hundred. But we have sent for help and expect it to arrive before another attack is made."

Reynolds now had all the information he needed. He knew that if he could get word to the Indians to advance rapidly, the place could be taken almost without a struggle. But could he do it? Were the lives of his friends of so little value to him that he could afford to sacrifice them for the smiles of an Indian girl?"

"Mr. Schmidt," he said, "I have something to tell you. I owe you more than you know."

"Tut, tut, my boy! You owe me nothing."

"I am glad you feel that way, but I want to tell you why I am here and how I came to be spared to get here. I was a prisoner in the camp of Little Crow and they were about to make way with me, when a daughter of one of the chiefs interceded for me so successfully that I was spared on condition that I marry the girl and become a spy in the interests of the Indians. I consented, but God helping me I will never return."

"I hope you do not depend on God for courage to keep that purpose. He has little to do with this people."

"Be that as it may, I want to tell you that this place is to be attacked tomorrow morning and by a

band of not less than five hundred well-armed warriors.—"

"What!"

"It's true, every word of it; they will wait for me at the Milford crossing tonight. I am to tell them how you are garrisoned and where your weakest point is. It did not take long to discover that. You have fortified the upper part of the city, but an attack well executed, from the rear could not well be resisted.

"Now I will tell you what I purpose doing. I will return to the crossing and meet these savages and tell them the weakest place is on the side that faces the bluff, where the wind mill is, and also hint to them that there is a large supply of whiskey in the distillery.

"I will tell them that you are three hundred strong, for they know you are weak, but they don't know that you have the meager force that appears to be here, and too big a lie would excite suspicion. They will move more cautiously then and you will be in better shape to defend yourselves. If it is possible for me to escape from them after that, I will go to the fort and urge the troops there to come to your relief."

"Have you any reason to think they will let you escape?"

"It will be risky and the undertaking may fail, but it is your only hope, and what is my life to all of these?"

"It is a noble effort, George, and worthy of you; but if you stay here, it is possible that assistance may

come and we can hold out as we are until dark, against large odds."

"Possibly you could, but what then? No; I believe the best thing for me to do is to follow my own plan. A man can die but once and it does not make it easier for him if he shirks his duty. I will go now, and before midnight, if I am spared, will have a body of men marching to your relief, which will be here before the battle is well on."

"It is a generous deed you are doing, my boy, and I hope for your sake as well as for our own that you live to return."

"By the way, about that whiskey? Is there much in the distillery?"

"There was considerable, and I presume it is still there; why?"

"Well, that explains what I heard. You better see to it that it is all destroyed. An Indian is his right mind is bad enough, but one crazed with drink is a fiend incarnate."

"What did they say about it?"

"From what I could gather, Little Crow has his mind set on getting them drunk. He says they were cowards at Ft. Ridgely and the drink will make them brave."

"I will see to it that the stuff is destroyed, or at least brought to some secure place, it would be too bad to pour it on the ground. Well, if you must go, good-bye, and a safe trip."

When Reynolds arrived at the crossing, there was no signs of Indians and a sigh of relief went up from his care-worn heart. "God is with me!" he ex-

claimed, and plunged his horse through the water to the opposite side.

The savages had crossed higher up, as he expected, and he would have a free road to the fort.

He was mistaken, for he soon ran into a detachment sent out for the express purpose of intercepting him. He knew there was no use trying to evade them so he rode boldly up to the leader.

"You are slow," he said. "I have been waiting long for you. Are you all cowards, that you hang back when the game is easy?"

"Little Crow commands you to return. He waits for you."

"Tell Little Crow that there are many soldiers coming from the fort, and I go to bring him word of their number."

Then he detailed a description of the city and its points of weakness and instructed the Indians to hurry with the message. He would gain what information he could and return in time to join in the attack.

"Tell Little Crow there is much fire water in the big house. I saw it. Go, now, for we might be seen together, and there is no time to lose if we are to be successful."

The Indians hesitated, and some of them were for compelling him to go with them, and others said they had no orders to take him, so it was finally decided to let him go. With a much lighter heart, Reynolds found the path at last clear to the fort.

Arriving there, he went directly to the commander, telling him the true condition of the city and beg-

ging him to send as many men as possible to its relief.

"We have but a few," said the commander.

"You have more than enough. A dozen men, if they come at the right place and time, will scare the savages so they will lose what little fighting courage they have."

"Will you go with a detachment?"

"Right gladly, sir."

"Then I will send Major Colfax and fifty men. They will march as soon as they can be prepared."

CHAPTER XXVII.

While preparations were under way for the starting of the relief, Reynolds sought out Katherine and delivered her father's message. Here he met Nell, who gave him a cordial welcome, though she had quite forgotten the circumstance of their first meeting.

Surprised at the beauty of the girl and her winsome ways, the man was congratulating himself upon being able to make himself appear a hero in the deliverance of herself and friends, and his tickle heart was forming plans by which he might ingratiate himself in her favor.

"Miss Nell," he said, "I am glad to bring you and the rest the almost certain news that this unfortunate war will soon be over."

"We shall all be glad of that, Mr. Reynolds. Some of the stories the fugitives bring in here are heartrending in the extreme. You are to lead the relief from here, are you not?"

"I am to have that honor, but I believe it is to be in command of Major Colfax."

"Major Colfax, did you say?"

"Yes, but you seem surprised. Is he not the man for the place?"

"Yes there is none better; but I wish it were another."

"It is better to send the best in a case like this, for there will be work for all."

"Can't it be arranged so he will not have to go? We need him here."

"It is difficult to say where a man is needed most at this time."

"Yes, I know that, but I don't want him to go. Can't you see that?"

"Is he more, then, to you than any of the others here?"

"You are presuming now, Mr. Reynolds, but I am not ashamed to tell you that he is, and I will ask you to see that he does not risk too much for he does not know what fear is."

"The Major is a brave man, so far as I know, and will do his whole duty, but no one can guard against the tricks of the savages. I have stayed too long, for that call reminds me it is time to start. We will meet again, Miss Nell, and I trust by that time in your pleasant home."

He turned to leave and was surprised to meet Major Colfax who was hastening to say good-bye to the ladies.

"You here, Reynolds? What does this mean?"

"I have found a few of my Chicago friends. How much time have we?"

"Only a few moments. I presume you are the stranger who is to guide us into the city. I am pretty well acquainted with the road myself, but I suppose there will be some difficulty in getting there over the old trail; however, we will discuss that when we get started. I will join you with the company in a few minutes. You will need something to eat, so you better get ready."

Then turning to the ladies, he asked them if they had heard of the expedition. "Nell," he said, "you have need of courage for the next few days."

"Do you expect another attack, George?"

"Yes, but that is not the worst; if New Ulm falls tomorrow, nothing can save the whole valley from the tomahawk of the savages. You know I am to leave for that place with half the men from this fort. It is a dangerous mission, both for those who go and those who stay."

"Let me go with you, George?"

You are safer here, Nell, and Katherine needs your comfort. Do you know, dear, grave as the situation is, there is happiness in my heart because you love me; is it not so?"

"Yes, you know my heart is all yours, George, and it is breaking because you are going out to this danger. Can't I share it with you? I can ride; I can shoot. What more can a man do?"

"It is too much risk, Nell; something tells me we will come through it all right; if not we will have tasted of the sweetness of true love, and that is something to have lived for."

Then for the first time he took her in his arms and planted on her lips the first long lingering kiss of love. "Good-bye," he said, and started to leave, when Katherine met him at the door.

"Major," she said, I want to warn you against putting too much confidence in the man you have for a guide. I know him to be as false as any of the Indians. He deceived us once in a very grave matter. Did it ever occur to you that he is the only white

man who has passed unmolested, between this fort and the Indians since the siege?"

"Since you mention it I believe you are right. But you don't think a white man could ever get so low as to lead his own people into ambush, do you?"

"He is capable of it, I am sure, and you will watch closely for any trick. We can't spare you, and the men who are going with you.

"I have been trying to think where I have met that man, and now I know. You are right; he is not to be trusted. Thank you for the warning."

A sudden jealousy was awakened in the heart of Reynolds when he discovered that Major Colfax was the favorite of Nell. He had not cared particularly when he learned that Katherine was married and his resolve to do what he could to deliver the whites from the attack of the Indians was unshaken; but since he had seen Nell, an uncontrollable desire to possess her formed in his soul. To do this it was necessary to get rid of her lover.

It was too late to alter his plans in regard to the attack on New Ulm, but he could lead the relief into ambush, by having them cross the river on the north side of the city instead of on the south, hoping that the Indians would not be deceived and believe that it was the relief they were expecting to come to the aid of the whites.

The Major kept close watch of his guide and the studied quiet he maintained throughout the march confirmed him in the belief that a plot was hatching in his brain.

"Major," said Reynolds, as they were nearing

New Ulm, "the Indians are in numbers on the south side of the city, and I believe we better enter from the crossing at Milford or the one nearer the city on the north."

"You are sure they are at the south?" said the Major, giving him a suspicious glance.

"On my word, sir, that is the campaign they proposed."

"We will see," replied the Major with apparent indifference.

There is a narrow valley between two ridges, one of which forms the north bank of the river as it flows past the city. Down this valley the little party marched until it came opposite the ferry, then a trustworthy man was sent out to see what the prospects were. He climbed to the top of the bluff overlooking the city, and was able to see at a glance that the battle was on. The plain was covered with savages riding like mad. Houses in the outskirts were burning. He could see that there was no fighting in the southern part of the city and rightly judged that there, if anywhere, the relief might safely enter.

His report verified the suspicions of the Major, who ordered his men to march in all haste down the river. On the way, however, they were discovered by a small band of Indians on the bluff, which had been sent out to burn the houses in that direction; these Indians fired upon the relief, and the discharge of the guns attracted the attention of those on the opposite side of the river.

Thinking they were being attacked in the rear, the defenders of the city directed their attention to

that quarter, and thus between the two fires, the relief party hurried to the lower crossing.

Here they fell in with a large body of reinforcements coming from St. Peter, and, joining them, were soon receiving the hearty greetings of the people within the besieged city.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The first thought of the Major, after arriving where he knew he was beyond further danger of surprise from the Indians, was of the traitor, Reynolds, for he was firmly convinced that he was such. The fellow's insistence that they enter the city from the north without attempting to find out the chances of being captured, and his reluctance to move with the command when it was decided to go to the south crossing, gave him reason to believe that he was in league with the foe, and that he would have a desperate character to deal with. Now when he sought him, he was nowhere to be found.

The truth was, the renegade had seen at once that if the relief had entered the city, the Indians could not possibly take it by the tactics they were pursuing; and he reasoned that his influence with the Indians was sufficient to cause them to abandon the attack and proceed without delay to the weakened fort. If this latter attempt proved successful, he would then secure possession of Nell, and in the guise of one who had rescued her from the Indians, would at once find favor in her eyes, and, once in his possession, he flattered himself he could keep her. With this end in view, he turned back just before the two forces met and swimming the river opposite the position occupied by the redskins, was soon in their midst and advocating his plan.

They laughed at him, for they had seen him with the relief, and believed it was a ruse to get them between two fires, for they said, if they left the position they now held, they would be followed. They had made an assault on the fort and had failed, and were not anxious to attempt it again when they were aware that the force there had been increased.

The chiefs ridiculed the plan, and, as he happened to fall into the hands of some whom he had cheated in trades, they were only too anxious to get hold of him.

He exhausted his store of Sioux eloquence in trying to persuade them that he was loyal to them, if they would give him a chance; but they would not listen to his plea, and prepared to enjoy themselves in the savage manner they called sport.

They bound him hand and foot, and tied him to a large tree making it impossible for him to move any part of his body except his head, and then amused themselves by throwing their knives and tomahawks at him, severing first one ear and then another, and then a poorly aimed blow struck him full in the head and ended his miserable life. Here his scalped and disfigured body was found some days after the battle by William Schmidt, who, being ignorant of his treachery gave it a decent burial.

But the major had little time to waste on the missing man. The battle was now on in earnest, and he knew he had a part to play in it.

The Indians were forming for an attack, and their idea was, evidently, to frighten the people of the city, with their numbers, for they formed in a

compact body far out on the prairie, beyond the range of the rifles, and they were well aware of the fact that the people had no larger guns; their advance in the bright sunlight formed an inspiring spectacle, which, to the inexperienced eye of the citizen soldiers was terrifyingly exciting.

When within range of the rifles, the thick mass began to expand like an immense fan; increasing in velocity as it came nearer until by the time it had reached a distance of not more than half a mile from the outposts, it had covered the entire front of the city.

Then, with a terrifying savage yell, they came down upon the city with the velocity and noise of a cyclone. The yell struck consternation to the hearts of the men who fell back, demoralized, as though they would yield without a struggle.

It was like the flow of water from the bursting of an immense reservoir that threatens to flood the entire valley, and the only hope for the people is in flight.

In falling back the men allowed the enemy to gain possession of a number of houses in the edge of the city. It was a bad mistake, and a costly one to the defenders; the security of this shelter, however, satisfied the Indians, who were content to do what execution they could from under cover. This gave the men time to rally.

The Major soon saw that something must be done to stimulate the courage of the men, for it was certain that unless there was, a general panic would ensue and the city be destroyed.

Mounting the first horse he could get, he rode into the opening, where he would be in plain view of the men, and, waving his sword and shouting to them he led a charge against one of the houses, from which the Indians fled.

It tended to restore confidence in the wavering defenders and they held their ground from that on, for the firing became more in the nature of a skirmish where every man did the best he could after his own fashion, and when they were obliged to leave a house, they set it on fire that it might not become a cover for the foe, so before night the little city was made dark from the smoke of the burning homes of those who once found them havens of rest from the cares of the day.

The point of vantage toward which the tide of battle seemed to be surging, was a windmill located one side of the thickly settled part of the city; it was on a point of ground commanding a view of the whole place and would give the ones who occupied it an advantage superior to any. Neither side had seen fit to contend for it, so intent were they on what was going on in the immediate front and because no plan of defence had been laid down, and there was no one to command.

The Indians had quickly taken possession of the distillery drinking what little whiskey they were able to find and then had set fire to it. The smoke from that and the other buildings, blowing between the windmill and the foe, afforded the opportunity William Schmidt and Heinrich Zittel were looking for.

With a few others, they were soon stationed in

the tower of the windmill where they did effective work until night, and then they were afraid of being surprised, as it was not known that they were detached from the forces of the city, and they set fire to the building and retreated to the city.

Fear of falling into the hands of the Indians had seized the women who would not forsake the men who had stayed to defend their property, and the most of them gathered in the cellar of one of the store buildings, where they had a keg of powder.

They had appointed one of the women to touch a match to it as soon as she was informed that the men had failed in the defense and the city was overrun by the savage horde. It was never used, however, for the Indians retired the following morning, having burned all but a score of the houses, and killed and wounded a large number of the men, among the killed being John Zittel, and among the wounded being his son, Heinrich.

It was a surprise to the people to find in the morning that the battle was not renewed. They were unable to account for it, for the Indians had more than four men to one of the whites, and throughout the fight held the advantage. There was but one conclusion; they lacked a leader, for if they had had one there would have been no hope for the people of the city.

A little desultory firing in the morning witnessed the end of the fight and of the attempt of the Indians to drive the white people from their fortifications. It was the last great stand that the Indians of this country have made to regain their land.

But strange battlefield! The Indians retreated in the morning, and the next morning the successful defenders retired from a place they dared not hold! All the women and disabled men in conveyances making a train of nearly two hundred teams, followed by the men who had defended the city, retreated to other points, leaving the accumulations of years of toil to be plundered by whomsoever might enter the city.

Thus was this settlement of German free men, born in the ambition of its founders, years before, in the land of their ancestors across the Atlantic, almost obliterated.

"Wife," said William Schmidt, as they were journeying from the place that had so long been their home, "we are getting too old to be thus deprived of everything.

"We did not mind it much at Chicago, for then we were young, and I am sure we had more to start on than we will have this time. It looks as if we are as poor as when we left the old country."

"Don't say that, William; our house may be destroyed, but our other property remains and we are going back to it as soon as peace comes to the land and the savages are punished for their crimes; and then, too, isn't there some hope that the government will, in some measure, repay us for the loss we have sustained?"

"You have a hopeful spirit, my dear, and probably it won't be so bad, if the fiends do not return and destroy what is left."

"We are rich, William; rich, indeed, when we

think that so many of the people have not only lost their homes but many of them have lost all their relatives, and some families have been massacred, don't you think so?"

"You are right; always right. We have so much to be thankful for and more than we think, if Katherine is returned to us."

"And Nell!"

"Yes, yes, and Nell. They are the same to us—one as much a daughter as the other."

"Yes, indeed; and the major says Nell was a regular hero at the fort when the place was in the greatest danger; and he says Katherine was an angel of mercy to the wounded and the sick. I am so glad she found something to take her mind from the loss of her baby. It makes me sick to think of it. Heinrich must have been nearly crazy when he found the poor little body."

"Heinrich is doing nicely, and I am glad the wound is not as serious as we at first thought it would be. The doctor says he will soon be about. Does he know his father was killed?"

"No; poor boy, we have purposely kept it from him, though he thinks it is very strange he does not come to see him."

"Poor fellow! Poor John! Do you remember how he talked of the Indians before we left Bavaria?"

"That was more than thirty years ago. How swiftly the time flies. Yes, I remember; he warned you of them and now he has fallen by them; Well, we must all die sometime; and it won't be long before you and I will have to leave, for we are both getting old."

So they talked as they traveled on to the haven of safety they were seeking. Meagre as were the accommodations of those early settlers, their doors were thrown open to the fugitives and every care and attention given them that it was possible to provide.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Katherine," said Nell that day, when the sound of the battle of New Ulm could be heard as plainly as if they were only across the river from the city, "I don't believe there is any danger within ten miles of this place. The Indians are all too busy fighting to pay any attention to us; I am going to the spring and get some decent water. We haven't had any that was fit to drink since we have been cooped up here. What do you say?"

"You are taking a great risk, Nell. Do you think you had better? We are doing very well, and you can't tell what danger you might get into. The men are careful not to get out of sight of the fort."

"But this is within sight of the fort, and I am dying for a drink of good water."

"Ask some of the men to get it, they will do it for you."

"I am just as able to get it as any of the men; I am going to try."

Taking a bucket, she ran down the ravine. She was seen to stop at the spring, by a number of the men. They saw her rise and look toward the woods, then move into the thick timber and become lost to view.

She had heard what she took to be the cry of a child in distress and, going in the direction of it she

was completely out of sight of the fort and face to face with Black Eagle.

An unspeakable terror siezed her as the lowering looks of the Indian fell on her. For a moment she said nothing. She could not find speech or power to utter a sound.

"Black Eagle has waited many days for white squaw; now he has her," said the Indian with a hideous laugh. "School teacher mine now. Don't make noise or Black Eagle take scalp."

At first the girl was inclined to scream and make an effort to attract the attention of those at the fort, and then she concluded that the Indian would carry out his threat, and, remembering what the Major had said about the certainty of the savages losing the fight they were engaged in, she decided to risk the capture and go with him.

More than that, the presence of three other Indians convinced her that there might be still others hidden in the woods, and there would be nothing gained by the struggle. She was given a pony and helped to mount it, but the pony was led by the chief, who took good care that no opportunity was given her to escape.

They proceeded west toward the upper agency and as soon as they were out in the opening, they were joined by other Indians. Presently they all hastily concealed themselves, on both sides of the road in the deep grass. Even the pony was made to lie down.

The object of this was soon apparent for a team and wagon containing several women and a couple of

men came over the ridge, and, when in the midst of the ambush, the Indians surrounded the team and took possession of them. They did not shoot and the people thought they could escape, so after considerable parleying, they were allowed to have a light wagon in which there was a sick woman, and were permitted to leave.

They had gone but a short distance when the Indians again surrounded them, and took the remaining team. The men then took the place of horses and started towards the fort, but as they were moving off, Black Eagle raised his rifle and began shooting. This was the signal for a general slaughter. The men were killed at the first volley. The others then commenced a desperate race for liberty.

Nell beheld this with blanched face. She dared not say anything; she dared not move. Soon she was joined by some of the other women captives; some of them clasping their infants to their bosoms as they beheld the torture of their friends.

Then fear for their own safety took possession of them as they saw the sick woman taken from the wagon and, with her two children, thrown violently to the ground, while the bedding on which she had rested was thrown on her and set on fire. The blaze grew larger and higher and they could see no more, for they were ordered to move on; sick at heart they plodded along, for the chief had now appropriated the pony to his own use.

It was the intention of Black Eagle to take his captive to the north, but while he hesitated, word was brought of the defeat at New Ulm and, feeling

certain then of the ultimate failure of the uprising, he turned her over to the lot of the other prisoners, hoping thereby to purchase his release from implication in the massacre by presenting her as one whom he had rescued, and proclaiming himself to be a good Indian.

Then he got word of the approach of the troops to release the Indians and his purpose was changed. He took two ponies and placing Nell on one started north.

Shortly after his departure, Major Colfax and a number of men arrived at the camp of the fugitives. He had hastened to the fort and there learned from the distracted Katherine of the disappearance of Nell. Stopping only to get men to go with him, he started in pursuit of the fleeing savages, whose trail he soon struck.

When he learned that she was in the hands of Black Eagle, he knew her life was safe unless the Indian was placed where he knew he would have to sacrifice her to secure his own escape.

This urged him on, and the following day, the trail was fresh where the two had passed, and a fragment of woman's clothing encouraged him in the belief that they were not far ahead.

It was near night, however, when the pursuers saw smoke in the distance, coming from the chimney of a house near the road.

"I'll warrant you they are there, or have just left," said the Major.

"You are right, sir," said one of the men. "I am sure I see two horses tied in the edge of the grove."

"We must get the Indian first, men," said the Major, "or he will kill the girl.

"Now, I'll tell you what I think and, if you don't like the plan, say so; but what is done must be done quickly.

"One of you men ride as hard as you can until you are under cover of the grove, then slip up and cut the horses loose so they will wander off. The Indian will come out to catch them, and then we will get between him and the house. Try and not let yourself be seen."

The ruse worked well, for Black Eagle no sooner saw the horses wandering about, eating grass, than he hurried out to secure them, and a shot from one of the rifles wounded him so that he was harmless.

Rushing into the house, the Major found the young lady lying upon a bed, but when he entered she did not even turn to look in his direction. His heart sank with fear for he believed she was dead.

"Nell!" he cried, can it be that you are dead?"

"Oh, George, thank God it is you, and I am saved!" and the poor girl collapsed in his arms.

Fatigue from the long trip had made the party willing to stay at that place for the night and, finding provisions in the deserted home, they were soon making the best of circumstances.

The cowardly Indian began pleading for his life and, when he was assured that he would live, was contented; but he was hanged with a number of others after the close of the trouble.

"Shooting is too good for him," said the Major, and hanging won't do him justice."

It was a happy reunion at the fort when the party returned late the next day and, aince it was definitely known that Little Crow and his savage horde had fled the country, there was no longer danger of an attack and the women at the fort were all placed in wagons and moved to St. Paul.

Katherine and Nell, however, joined their friends in Mankato, and the terror of a week's parting was for a time forgotten in the happiness of being again reunited.

CHAPTER XXX.

By the time the fugitives were fairly settled in their new temporary homes, the soldiers sent out to subdue the Indians, had accomplished their purpose, and it was safe to return to New Ulm.

William Schmidt and Henry Zittel found the Schmidt home but little damaged. A company of soldiers was quartered in the city, which had taken possession of some of the houses. The soldiers assured them they would be perfectly safe in returning, but they thought best not to have the women come until later.

The two men went out to Henry's farm; here they found only desolation and ruin. His stacks of grain were destroyed; his stock gone, and only the faithful dog, with mournful eyes looked up and barked a welcome.

They stood for some moments in silence as they took in the full meaning of the situation. The years of toil that had been lost, the value of all that was destroyed. Then the elder man, placing his hand on Henry's shoulder said:

"It is a hard blow, my boy, but you are young and strong and have good health; you will recover in time, but my days are numbered; the blow is more than I can recover from. I did it once and would do it again, if there was anything to be gained by it, but there is not."

"You take a gloomy view of the situation, Mr. Schmidt; there is more to live for than you think, and, after you are well started again, you will see that you are making a mistake in giving up in this manner."

"That is not it, Heinrich; your parents are both dead, their property is destroyed, nothing remains but the land. That, by all rights, is now yours, and you are rich in land. I want you and Katherine to live with me; my house is large enough for us all, and a very little work will put it in shape."

"Why do you take that view of it Mr. Schmidt; it has only been a few days since we were as happy as it was possible for us to be?"

"I cannot see it any different. When I look over all this ruin and desolation and notice that we, who have had no part in the worship of a supreme being, have been deprived of all that we had—all that we lived for; it almost convinces me that there must be a God against whom we have sinned, and this is his retribution. There are but few of us left of the original colony. The rest are destroyed. We can never again raise here the city of freedom, for which your father and so many others were willing to lay down their lives to secure; but we were prepared only to fight against the aggressions of man, and it seems that we were pitted against fate in the shape of a horde of savages.

"No, Heinrich, the glory of our great scheme has departed.

"A new people will take up their habitation here and you and I and a few others will remain. I want

you to come and live with me, and when I die all I have will be yours and Katherine's."

"You are kind, indeed, father, and if Katherine is willing, I am sure I am."

"Katherine will never feel safe out here. Not for many, many years. It is the cemetery of her happiness, and you will have to give her a change; so let us not think of doing anything here, and return to the city, and put my place in shape."

The two men returned and soon forgot the keenness of their misfortune in the work before them; so the reconstruction of the place was begun. It was nearly a year before they allowed the women to come back, and then it was as Mr. Schmidt had predicted, a new class of people had flocked to the city.

These people built churches, and the work of the preacher began where the savage left off; building up from the debris of his wreckage and, though they said it was the penalty God had imposed on the place for its sacrilege in the preceding years, many did not accept it, and to this day hold to their doctrines, teaching their children as they had been taught and instructing them in the belief that true happiness lies in the pursuit of physical rather than spiritual perfection.

In the beginning of the third year after the destruction of the city, there was a joyful wedding at the Schmidt home, when Nell was united in marriage to her soldier lover, who had won fame and honor on southern battle fields. As he shook hands with Mr. Schmidt, when they were about to leave for their home in the east, the old man said:

"George, you have truly earned your wife. She is pure gold. Be good to her."

"No need to caution me about that, Mr. Schmidt, But who is this we have here?"

This exclamation was caused by the presence of a stranger coming toward the house.

"As I live, George, it is LaFrambois!" exclaimed Mr. Schmidt, as he hastened to where the trapper was.

"Well, well, Joe! we are all glad to see you once more. It is several years since you have been here, and the last time was to give us a warning we did not heed. Where are your wife and daughter?"

"They are many miles away. After what they did it was necessary for them to get out of the country."

"The white people owe you and your family much more than they will ever be able to pay, Joe."

"O, that is nothing; we only tried to do our duty. I was afraid that you had all been killed, but I heard at the agency that the Major was in the city, so I came over to see if he wouldn't look after my interests in Washington when he goes there. You see I am classed with the Indians, and as I understand it, they are to be deprived of their land. He knows better than the rest of them that I was not with the Indians in this trouble."

"You may depend on me for that, Joe, I have not forgotten my promise to you and to your daughter," said the Major. "But I want you to meet my wife."

He called Nell and introduced her to the trapper, but the young lady did not need to be told who the

old man was, for she recognized him at once, and as she recalled the debt she owed him, she assured him that if her husband failed to get what was due him and his daughter for their aid to the white people, she would go to the President herself and would see that justice was done.

"Major," said the trapper, after he had recovered from the reception Nell had given him, "it isn't every man who can claim a wife that one of the strongest Sioux Chiefs wrecked a nation in an attempt to secure. I thought he had you sure, the last time, Miss Nell—or Mrs. Colfax. And, Major," he said, "your wife is just as good a fighter as you; so be careful."

Taking down the address of the trapper's daughter, Julia, they promised to call on her; for they both owed her more for what she had done for them than money could ever pay. Then they left the little city in the valley amid the congratulations of all. Nell said as she was leaving the city, "I believe I, of all these, am the only one who has reaped happiness out of this whirlwind of misery."

And now, as sometimes they return to the city on the reservation, beautiful in all that nation and man can do to make it attractive, the Major and his wife no longer find the steins on the table in the beer garden, on Sunday afternoons. That last liberty has been abridged by law, and the memory of those more democratic days is passing with the generation of those who laid too broad foundations for the narrow superstructure of the generations of the present day.